

# MOVIE CLASSIC

OCTOBER  
S-M

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3¢\*



Loretta Young

Will Buddy Rogers  
Rival Rudy Vallee?

**MARY AND DOUG**  
**Will Never**  
**Be Divorced!**



●  
QUICK RELIEF, TOO, FOR  
**CUTS, BURNS,  
BRUISES**

Kills germs; soothes pain; promotes quick healing when youngsters are hurt.



## HIS LIMPING BROKE A FOURSOME AT THE 9th BECAUSE HE NEGLECTED "ATHLETE'S FOOT"

● They had kidded, boasted, planned a week on this foursome. All set for 36 holes, Bill begged off at the 9th and limped into the locker-room.

The skin between his toes was now so red and raw he could hardly bear to keep on shoes. Too long he had neglected the infection called "Athlete's Foot"!

Several weeks ago he noticed only a persistent itching. The skin between his toes was cracked. It *did* appear unwholesomely moist. But, not realizing that this infection *might* become serious, he passed lightly over the symptoms\*.

### Don't YOU take chances; this infection preys on millions

Many a vacation, many a week-end outing has been spoiled by a tiny parasite known as *tinea trichophyton*. It causes "Athlete's

#### \*WATCH FOR THESE DISTRESS SIGNALS THAT WARN OF "ATHLETE'S FOOT"

Though "Athlete's Foot" is caused by the germ—*tinea trichophyton*—its early stages manifest themselves in several different ways, usually between the toes—sometimes by redness, sometimes by skin-cracks, often by tiny itching blisters. The skin may turn white, thick and moist or it may develop dryness with little scales. *Any one of these calls for immediate treatment!* If the case appears aggravated and does not readily yield to Absorbine Jr., consult your doctor without delay.

Foot." No one is immune; you may be its next victim.

It swarms by the billions on the edges of swimming pools, on locker- and dressing-room floors, in bathhouses—even in your own spotless bathroom. And its presence is so widespread that health authorities estimate "*at least half the adult population is infected at some time.*"

### Absorbine Jr. kills the germs of "Athlete's Foot"

If you have the slightest symptom—itching between the toes, moist white skin, with cracks—you can't *wash* away the germs of "Athlete's Foot."

They thrive on soap and water, strange as it may seem. Bathing can therefore do more harm than good, when nothing else is used. The safe way to combat this infection is the regular application of Absorbine Jr., rubbing it well between the toes. For laboratory tests have shown that Absorbine Jr. kills *tinea trichophyton* quick-

ly when it reaches the parasite. Clinical tests have also demonstrated its effectiveness.

### Look at your feet tonight

You may have the first symptoms\* of "Athlete's Foot" without knowing it until you examine the skin between your toes. At the slightest sign\*, douse on Absorbine Jr. Then keep dousing it on, because "Athlete's Foot" is a persistent infection and can keep coming back time after time.

Absorbine Jr. has been so effective that substitutes are sometimes offered. Don't expect relief from a "just as good." There is nothing else like it. You can get it at drug stores, \$1.25 a bottle. Take Absorbine Jr. on every outing—use it freely. For a free sample write W. F. Young, Inc., 271 Lyman Street, Springfield, Mass. In Canada: Lyman Building, Montreal.

## ABSORBINE JR.

for years has relieved sore muscles, muscular aches, bruises, burns, cuts, sprains, abrasions





# CECIL B. DE MILLE

Master of Spectacular  
Productions presents his  
Greatest Dramatic Triumph!



## **TWO WOMEN LOVED HIM**

His wife and the wife of another—the woman who gave up everything for him—and the woman for whom he gave up everything. The first saved his life twice—and twice he drove her away. The second told him she never wanted to see him again—yet she crossed half the world to find him.

## **FATE BRANDED HIM A THIEF**

AND THEN MADE HIM AN ENGLISH PEER! . . . He was an officer and a gentleman. To him honor meant more than anything else—more than friends, country, or life itself...And yet he accepted dishonor to save the honor of his enemy. He left England's life of luxury for America's wildest West—but England sought him out, and fate made him a peer of the realm!



## **TWO FORCES SWAYED HIM**

"I'm just a woman who loves you," his goddess had said, "wanting terribly to play fair." And her eyes pleaded with him to help her . . . What should he do? . . . His honor commanded, "Go!" His love whispered, "Stay!" Two fates called—



but only one could be answered... As man of mystery, he comes to America's frontier of fate and fortune—where he battles racketeers—where he defies the law at pistol point—until destiny plays an unexpected ace!

## **A THRILLING ALL STAR CAST**

With such distinguished players as WARNER BAXTER, LUPE VELEZ, ELEANOR BOARDMAN, CHARLES BICKFORD and ROLAND YOUNG, this epic drama is made the sensational love-adventure film of the year... Directed by the master hand of the screen's greatest director—

**CECIL B. DE MILLE**



# WARNER BAXTER IN

# THE SQUAW MAN

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER Picture



# The MARX BROTHERS

Stars of  
"THE COCOANUTS" and  
"ANIMAL CRACKERS"



Directed by Norman McLeod

## in "MONKEY BUSINESS"

*Celebrate Paramount's  
20th Birthday Jubilee!*

Paramount is celebrating 20 years of leadership with the greatest pictures in its history! Watch for "24 HOURS," "A FAREWELL TO ARMS," "NO ONE MAN," "LIVES OF A BENGAL LANCER." And such stars as HAROLD LLOYD, GEORGE BANCROFT, MARLENE DIETRICH, RUTH CHATTERTON and others in the greatest pictures of their careers!

PARAMOUNT PUBLIX CORPORATION  
ADOLPH ZUKOR, PRES., PARAMOUNT BLDG., N.Y.

**L**AUGHING days are here again! With that famous frenzied foursome, The Marx Brothers, in a new madhouse of merriment — "MONKEY BUSINESS." It's the first of the great pictures in Paramount Jubilee Month — September — when leading theatres everywhere will feature Paramount Pictures. Watch for announcements. "If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town!"

Paramount  Pictures



SEP 21 1931

# MOVIE CLASSIC

VOL. I No. 2

OCTOBER, 1931

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COVER DRAWING OF LORETTA YOUNG BY MARLAND STONE

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# BETWEEN OURSELVES

DON'T miss "Street Scene." It's one of the most powerful pictures of all time—a slice of life that will tear your heart out. It's the biggest thing that Hollywood has done since "All Quiet."

You look down into one seething street in the tenement district of New York—just one street—and there you see human nature in the raw. You see all types of people, all types of emotion, all types of drama—from comedy straight through melodrama to tragedy. And so real is all of it that you forget these men and women are actors and actresses. There isn't one of them who doesn't seem to belong to this street, this life, these emotions.

THEODORE DREISER, who wrote "An American Tragedy," is realistic to the point of brutality. No wonder he set up a howl when he saw the picture version of his bitter novel! Did you notice the girl employees in the collar-factory scenes? There wasn't one of them who didn't look as if she ought to be in the Follies, dining at the Ritz, and wearing ermine.

IRVING PICHEL, who plays the cold-blooded district attorney, is my candidate as the best character actor of the year. Every time I have seen him he has been different—and convincing every time. Remember him as the fanatical husband of Ruth Chatterton in "The Right to Love"? Remember him as the laughing half-wit in "Murder by the Clock"? Now he is to play opposite Tallulah Bankhead in "The Cheat."

THE folks are wondering how "The Cheat" is going to be made as a talkie. Those with long memories recall when it was first filmed. The date was 1915, and Fanny Ward and Sessue Hayakawa made themselves famous in it. In that first version the heroine was mistreated by an Oriental—and maybe there wasn't a furore about that! When the film was remade a few years later, a Hindu performed the cruelty. And again there was thunder on the left. So this time the brutal gent will be an Anglo-Saxon.

THE first gangster picture I have actually enjoyed is "The Star Witness"—and there are plenty who share my reaction, judging from the hit

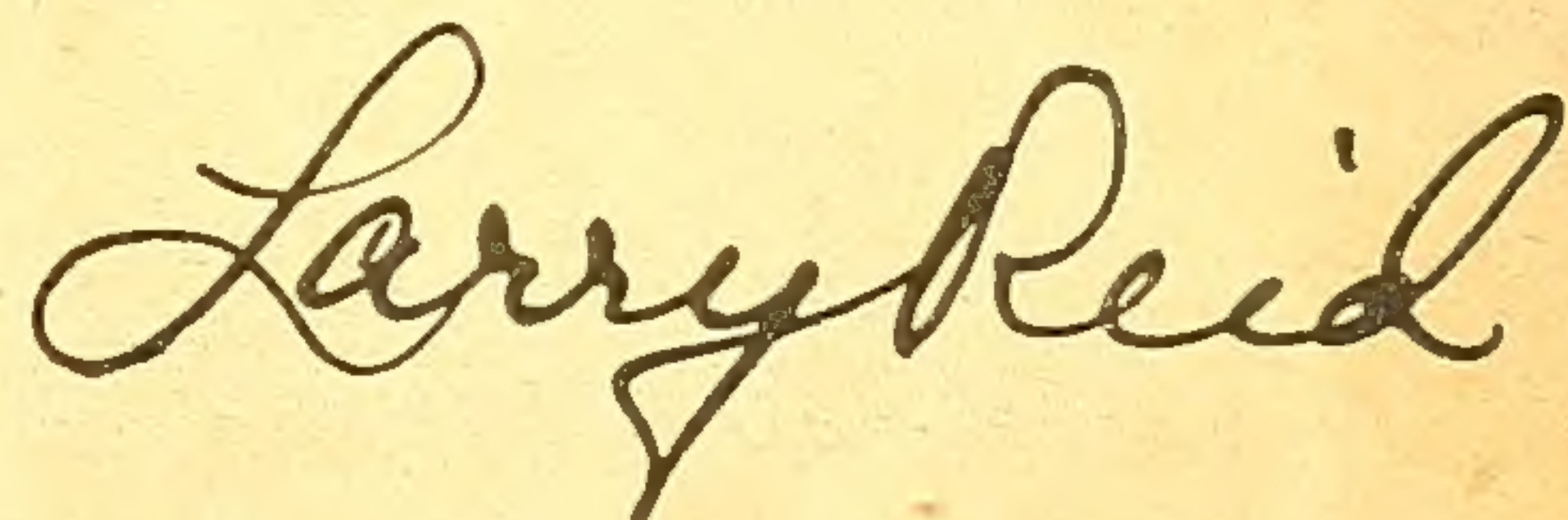
the film is making. "Little Caesar," "The Doorway to Hell" and "The Public Enemy" were excellent character sketches of gunmen—but, after all, who cares how racketeers rise and fall? What you and I want to know is how gangland might touch you and me. "The Star Witness" gives us a hint. Incidentally, did you know that Warner Brothers donated the proceeds of the first New York showing to the families of the five children shot down by gangsters—who were aiming at another gangster?

OUT at the Chaplin Studio on La Brea Avenue, there is a ghastly silence. Of all the crowd that used to be around, whether Charlie was making a picture or not, only three remain—his personal representative, a bookkeeper and a janitor. Hollywood hears—and maybe you do, too—that he will never be back. But don't you believe it. Charlie has always been an actor, and he always will be—no matter how much gold he makes. It's in his blood. He'll be back. And when he does return, he will produce a talkie. If he appears in it himself, he will play a deaf-and-dumb man.

DOLORES DEL RIO, Pola Negri and Nils Asther are all staging comebacks—and they're going to be big ones. But this is even bigger news: musicals are coming back. You're going to hear Jeanette MacDonald and Gloria Swanson and John Boles and Ramon Novarro and Bebe Daniels sing again. And you'll hear some others that you haven't heard before, like Doris Kenyon and Estelle Taylor.

SWEET music to our ears! As we go to press with this second issue of MOVIE CLASSIC, our distributors tell us that the first issue is a sell-out. Letters pour in by every mail, telling us why. "MOVIE CLASSIC is something absolutely new in screen magazines" . . . "I wanted to read it from cover to cover" . . . "The tabloid section is better than a newspaper" . . . "It's the first screen magazine that ever gave me my money's worth" . . . "It told me more about the movies in one hour than I ever knew before." . . .

"And, boy," as Al Jolson might say, "you ain't seen nothin' yet!"







H. B. WARNER

MARIAN MARSH

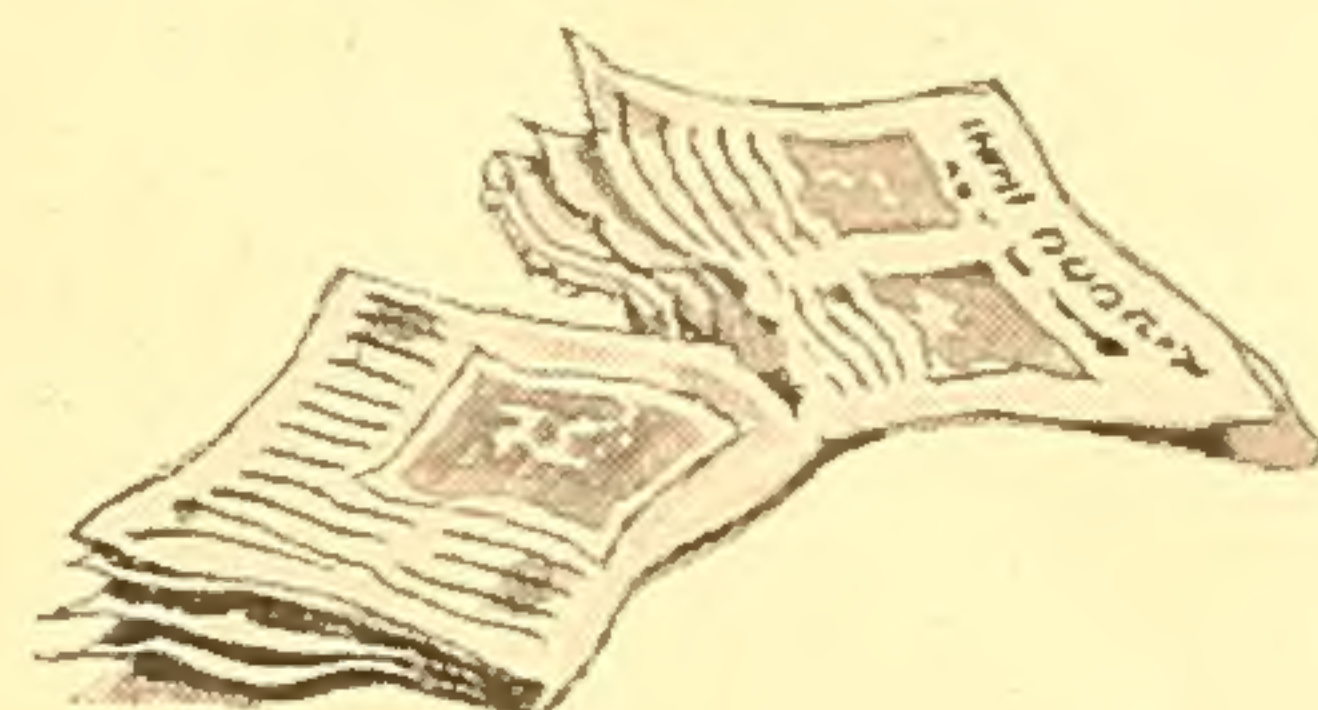
ANTHONY BUSHELL

GEORGE E. STONE

FRANCES STARR

Ona Munson : Robert Elliott

Directed by  
MERVYN LeROY



# FIVE STAR FINAL

Frank! Powerful! Realistic! A heart-stirring cross-section of modern life that fairly hammers on the emotions . . . . . A sweeping drama of pathos and passion—betrothal and betrayal—honor and hypocrisy—with lives and loves sacrificed to the Juggernaut of newspaper circulation . . . . . Greatest picture of the year—with the outstanding screen actor of the day, and a powerful supporting cast. « « « «

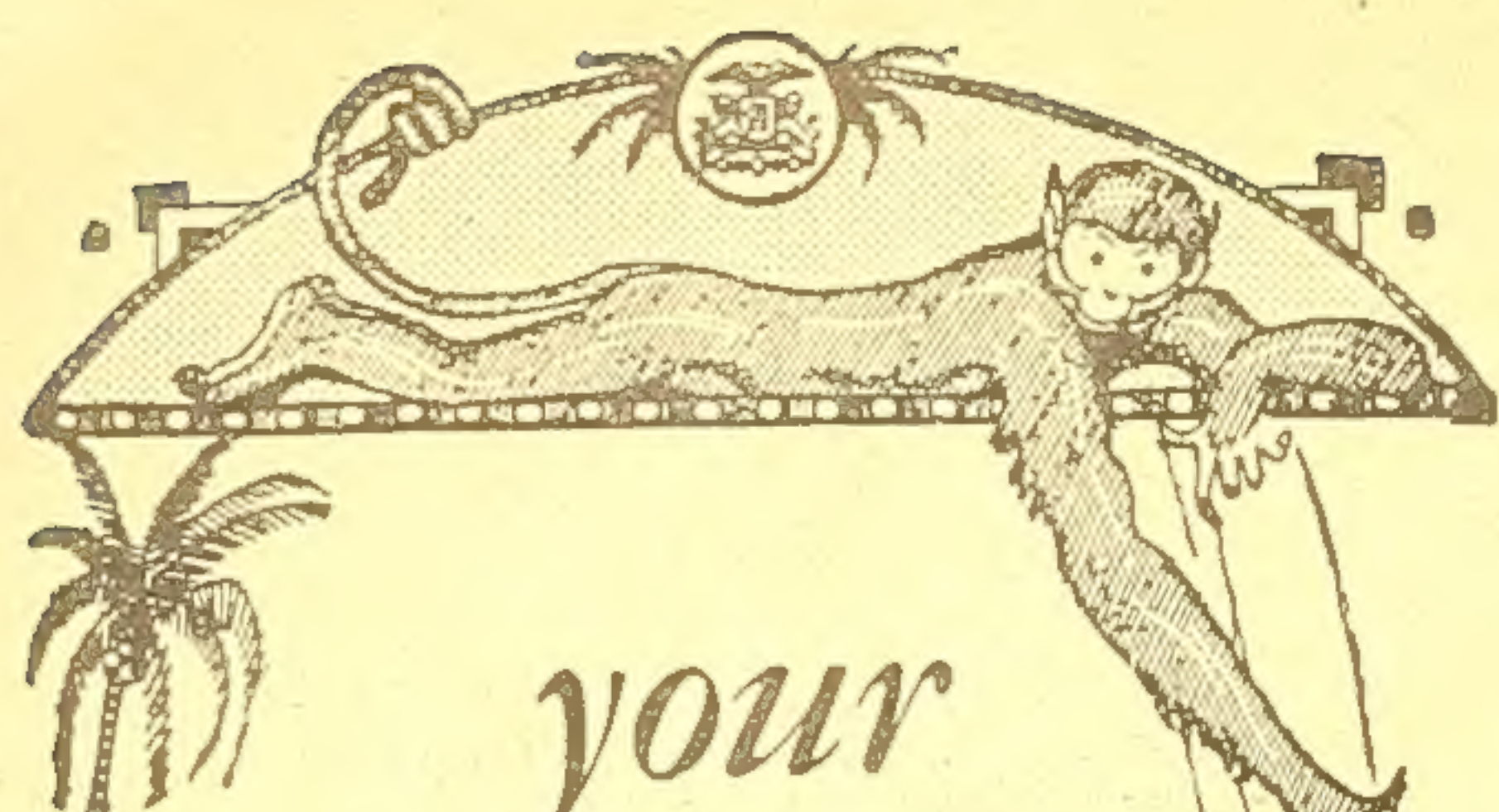
with the most versatile actor  
on the screen today..

# Edw. G. ROBINSON

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## your horoscope

SOMEDAY  
smiling fortune will  
escort you to the  
world famous

### "Cocoanut Grove"

at the  
**Ambassador  
Los Angeles**

There, beneath an  
azure sky, graceful  
palms and twink-  
ling lights you will  
dance, as you never  
danced before, to  
the most alluring  
of dance music.

You are sure to see  
many of the world's  
most famous

### Motion Picture Stars

In fact, at the Am-  
bassador you are  
sure of enjoying  
California at its best.

Open Air Plunge,  
two Golf Courses,  
Motion Picture  
Theatre and  
every outdoor  
sport.

Write for Chef's  
Illustrated  
Cook Book

44A



Fryer

Loretta Young (the girl on the cover) and Sally Blane are  
considered the prettiest sisters on the screen. Loretta is a star  
while Sister Sally is a featured player

## TIPPING YOU OFF

Little Low-Downs On The Stars

SEQUELS to tabloid stories in last  
month's Movie Classic: Jeanette  
MacDonald—annoyed beyond endurance  
by reports abroad that she had been slain  
last year by a jealous princess and that a  
double had taken her place on the screen  
—is now Over There, showing Europe  
how very much alive she is. She was  
greeted warmly in Paris—the focal point  
of the rumors—by all but two news-  
papers. Those two, still looking for trou-  
ble, tried to tell the world that Jeanette,  
herself, had started those stories!

Big Jim Thorpe—once the greatest  
athlete of them all, who was recently  
found working in a Los Angeles ditch and  
was given a chance in the movies—will  
probably never dig another culvert. Hav-  
ing finished his first screen rôle—that of  
an Indian chief in the Universal serial,  
"Battling with Buffalo Bill"—he is get-  
ting screen offers from all sides.

Lila Lee, with Patsy Ruth Miller for a  
companion, has gone to Tahiti in the  
sunny South Seas to complete her re-  
cuperation.

The surprise of the Hollywood month  
was the suit that Rita Royce von Stern-  
berg brought against Marlene Dietrich,  
charging alienation of the affections of  
director Josef von Sternberg—the most  
surprising part of the whole thing being  
that the von Sternbergs have been di-  
vorced for some time. Something like  
four years, isn't it?

Rudolf Sieber, Marlene's director-  
husband, arrived in Hollywood to visit  
her and Maria (their daughter) just a few  
days before Rita von Sternberg put Mar-  
lene's name on the front pages. And his  
arrival was a great break for the Para-  
mount star. The scandal sheets didn't  
dare to go on playing up the story of the  
suit, when her husband was right on the  
scene to help her fight the charges.

James Dunn, the lad who's going to  
get himself talked about for his perform-  
ance in "Bad Girl," has a clause in his  
new contract that he must keep under  
one hundred and fifty-seven pounds, or  
else—

The tragic death of Ullrich Haupt—  
accidentally shot on a hunting trip in the  
High Sierras—made Hollywood pause.  
*Something like that might happen to any-  
one.* The veteran German character actor,  
forty-four years old, had just finished  
work in "The Unholy Garden."

When Harry Richman's newly-pur-  
chased yacht blew up at Greenport, L. I.  
and one of his guests—the second pret-  
tiest girl in the Follies, Helen Walsh—  
was fatally burned, that story was also  
front-page news in Hollywood. *There are  
few screen stars—particularly among the  
married couples—who don't have yachts.*  
Richman has taken out a twenty-five-  
thousand-dollar life insurance policy, nam-  
ing Helen Walsh's mother the beneficiary.

Besides Buddy Rogers, Hollywood stars  
that the Television people want to sign  
up are Bebe Daniels, Estelle Taylor (who  
is an even better singer than vamp),  
Gloria Swanson and John Boles—all bru-  
nettes, you'll notice, as well as musical.

Unlike Vivian Duncan, Esther Ralston  
(Mrs. George Webb) didn't have to go to  
Europe to have her baby. Mary Esther  
Webb was born right here in Hollywood.  
For years, the Webbs have longed for a  
child—but specialists told Esther it would  
be impossible for her to become a mother.  
They told Vivian the same thing, you  
remember.

It looked for a while as if Vivian Dun-  
can (Mrs. Nils Asther) wasn't going to be  
able to get back with her baby. Immi-  
(Continued on page 82)



# SENSATIONAL VALUE! SEND NO MONEY



A daily sun bath—a few minutes in the morning or evening—will keep you looking and feeling physically fit.



Invalids confined indoors missing the life-giving, health-bringing power of natural sunlight, find the Health Ray Lamp a boon.



Ultra-violet rays prevent rickets by supplying Vitamin D to the System.

## Now the Amazing Benefits of ULTRA-VIOLET RAYS for ONLY

A \$100 Sun lamp can do no more

**\$5<sup>95</sup>**

Now, through the magic of the Health Ray Lamp, artificial sunlight, containing all the rejuvenating and healthful properties of sunshine, is available to all—at any time of the day or night—at any season of the year. Now the great benefits of ultra violet radiation can be yours... through this new, full-strength, therapeutic, ultra-violet (and infra-red) lamp at the *lowest* retail price in the world... \$5.95!

Mass production and tremendous sales alone make this possible.

### Youthful Vigor and Vitality

A few minutes in the morning or evening will suffice for your daily sun bath... will keep you feeling and looking physically fit... your body stimulated with Vitamin D... your brain alert... colds, grippe... annoying little aches and pains will pass you by. The whole family will enjoy greater health.

### Inexpensive Health Insurance

It costs only a few cents a day to enjoy the relaxing, healthful, vitalizing rays of the Health Ray Lamp. By subjecting yourself to these rays, you are building up a reserve of health and strength to withstand disease. You will look and feel vibrant, vigorous, fully alive. You are safeguarding your health in a pleasant, inexpensive way.

### Real Sun Tan (the glow of health)

A genuine sun Tan is quickly and easily secured with a Health Ray Lamp. A few minutes a day spent bathing in the rays of this lamp will give you the same kind of tan you get on a Florida beach.

### Brings These Many Benefits

1. Builds strength and vigor, resistance to sickness; invigorates the entire system.
2. By activating the cholesterol in the skin, Vitamin D is created which fixes the calcium and phosphorus in the blood, preventing rickets.
3. Prevents colds, grippe, lumbago, stops the annoying little aches and pains of every day.
4. Improves the appearance by imparting the natural ruddy glow of vigorous health. Gives the same kind of Tan you would get from a month on the Florida beaches.
5. Frees the skin from pimples and temporary blemishes.

### Specifications

Operates on either Alternating or Direct current. Resistance coil is of the best Nickel Chrome wire. Guaranteed for one year.

### Innumerable Uses Found for Ultra Violet Radiation

These rays are especially effective in destroying germ life and imparting vigor and vitality. They also stimulate glandular function. They are remarkably efficacious in some forms of skin diseases. Strongly antiseptic, they destroy germs and clarify the skin. Pimples and temporary blemishes yield quickly to their purifying action. Children respond rapidly to the beneficent effects. In cases of listlessness and anemia, the rays are unusually effective. An invaluable aid in the treatment of rickets.

### Same Benefits as \$100 Lamps

The Health Ray Lamp is a remarkable bargain. Users receive the same benefits as with the \$100 and \$150 lamps. It is two lamps in one. It not only produces ultra violet—those rays that destroy germ life, invigorate physically and mentally and stimulate glandular function—but an especially designed generator produces at the same time the warm infra-red rays which stimulate blood circulation, soothe, comfort and penetrate deeply into living body tissue... healing and preventing illness.

### 10 days Free Trial—Send No Money

The Health Ray Lamp, including goggles, carbons, instructions, guarantee, etc., will be sent you for free ten days' trial in your own home. Try it at our risk. For ten days, experience its vitalizing, health-building effects. Compare the results with higher priced equipment. Send no money. Simply fill out coupon below and the complete outfit will go forward immediately. When it arrives, deposit \$5.95, plus a few cents postage with the postman. After 10 days' trial, if you aren't amazed and delighted with results, simply return it and we will immediately refund your money.

There is only one requirement—that you include on the coupon the name of your local dealer from whom you would ordinarily purchase the Health Ray Lamp (for instance the name of your druggist or department store.)

Take Advantage of this special offer now! Fill out the coupon below and mail it today. Please print name and address plainly.

### MAIL THIS COUPON NOW

Health Ray Manufacturing Company, Inc.  
422 Harding Building,  
Station "O," New York, N. Y.

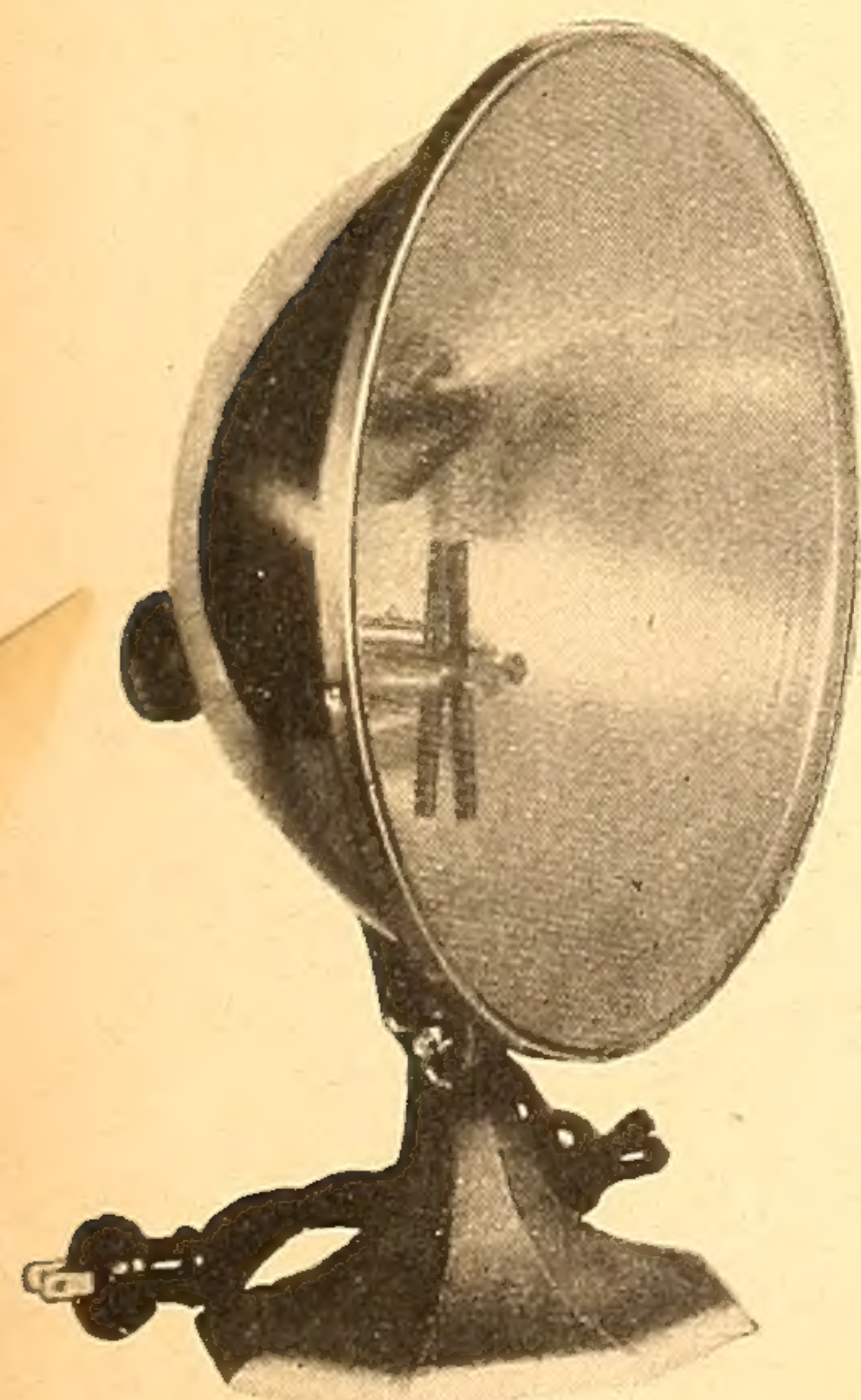
Send me one Health Ray (ultra violet and infra-red) Lamp, complete with goggles, carbons, instructions, guarantee, etc. at the special introductory price. Upon arrival I agree to pay postman \$5.95 plus a few pennies postage. It is understood that if after 10 days I am not completely satisfied, I may return the lamp and you will immediately refund my money.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

Name of Dealer \_\_\_\_\_  
(from whom you would ordinarily buy)



**\$5<sup>95</sup> HEALTH RAY LAMP**



# Our Hollywood NEIGHBORS

## GOINGS-ON AMONG THE PLAYERS

**A**T LAST Pathé has solved the embarrassing problem of those two clipper ships which have been white elephants to the studio for many a year. During the lavish days of production, when a studio would have bought Niagara Falls if the script had called for it, C. B. DeMille purchased the two sailing vessels for use in "The Yankee Clipper" and "The Wreck of the Hesperus." It didn't seem such an extravagance then for sailing boats were almost given away with the purchase of a pound of sugar.

But, my goodness, it wasn't the original cost but the upkeep. Rent for dockage space was anything but cheap. In fact, if any star wants to live in really expensive quarters he should rent a dock instead of a Beverly Hills mansion. Permanent crews had to be kept on the two boats. Occasionally some other company would rent them, as in "The Blood Ship" and "The Divine Lady," but it wasn't any money making scheme at best.

Now the two boats are going to be sunk during the making of "Suicide Fleet," the Bill Boyd starring picture. The scene was specially written in, if you must know. Can't you just imagine Pathé breathing a sigh of relief and muttering "that's that."

A bit sad it is, too, this last time that the two old vessels will put out to sea. They were built in New Bedford in the 1860's for the China tea trade. Both of them have battled for decades the typhoons of the Pacific tropics and the winter storms of the Atlantic.

For once movie audiences need have no fear of camera trickery. These boats will really sink, or there'll be an awful scene out at Pathé.

**I**T WAS at one of those fancy beach parties. Butlers, in tail coats (which is spreading it on a bit thick for the beach), were passing lemonade and ginger-ale. Anyway, it looked like lemonade and ginger-ale.

The guest list was distinguished—the author of one of the season's most profitable stage plays; a noted director and his fiancée; a world famous composer, and a scattering of titles. The hostess was one of the screen's most glamorous figures.

An eight-piece Russian orchestra was playing a Tschai-kovsky number. The atmosphere fairly exuded high-class intelligence—the best people, you know.

Then the orchestra stopped suddenly after a crashing

BY MARQUIS BUSBY

final note. High above everything else came the strident voice of a woman.

"I think Joan Crawford looks like Hell with that blonde hair."

**H**OLLYWOOD is beginning to get very, very sensitive about itself. I hear that even Howard Hughes intends to make "Queer People" in such a delicate, polite manner that no one can be offended. Universal, who owns the picture rights to the caustic, "Once In A Lifetime," will soften it quite a bit. The plot may turn into something about a little orphan girl who becomes the heiress to the Wendell millions, or something.

Incidentally, if Howard Hughes plans any theme song for "Queer People," it should be "Nobody Knows The Trouble I've Seen." It has been one long headache to him. To begin with, the book offended most of the better known burghers of this fair village, and a lot of people have been throwing mud at the Hughes front door ever since he bought it.

Leo McCarey, originally slated to direct it, has withdrawn gracefully. I hear that many actors are afraid to accept work in the picture for fear of having a little black mark placed after their names in the casting files at other studios.

Some folks say quite recklessly that the book will never be filmed, but when Hughes starts something he usually finishes it—if it takes three years and costs \$3,000,000.

While we're on the subject, "Hell's Angels" has already made expenses of production in spite of the dire prophecies of Hollywood sages that it would never make a cent. From now on it will be pure gravy.

**H**ARPO MARX has a new variation of the old, familiar remark which follows an introduction.

"I've heard so much about you," he gushes, "and I want you to know that I'm getting sick of it."

**A**FTER all these years, Mary Pickford, trusting soul that she is, has become a victim of Vince Barnett, Hollywood's famous professional insulter. Barnett has frequently posed as a waiter at Mayfair parties, telling

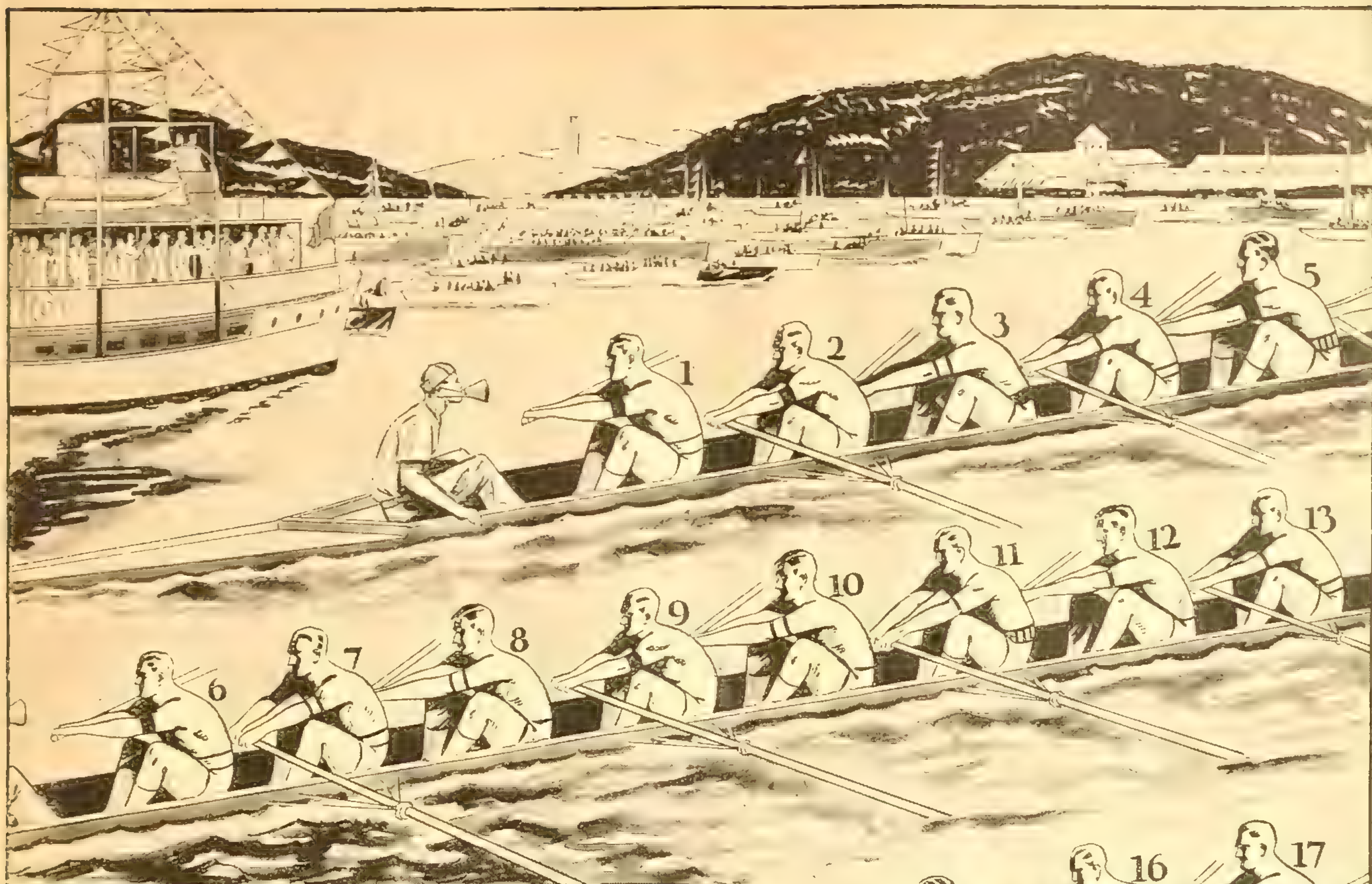
(Continued on page 12)



C. S. Bull

Pardon the jubilation, but Mary Carlyle just heard that musicals ARE coming back. That means M-G-M's li'l discovery is going to dance!





# Who Will Qualify FOR THE Opportunity to Win?

## \$8,275<sup>00</sup> in Prizes

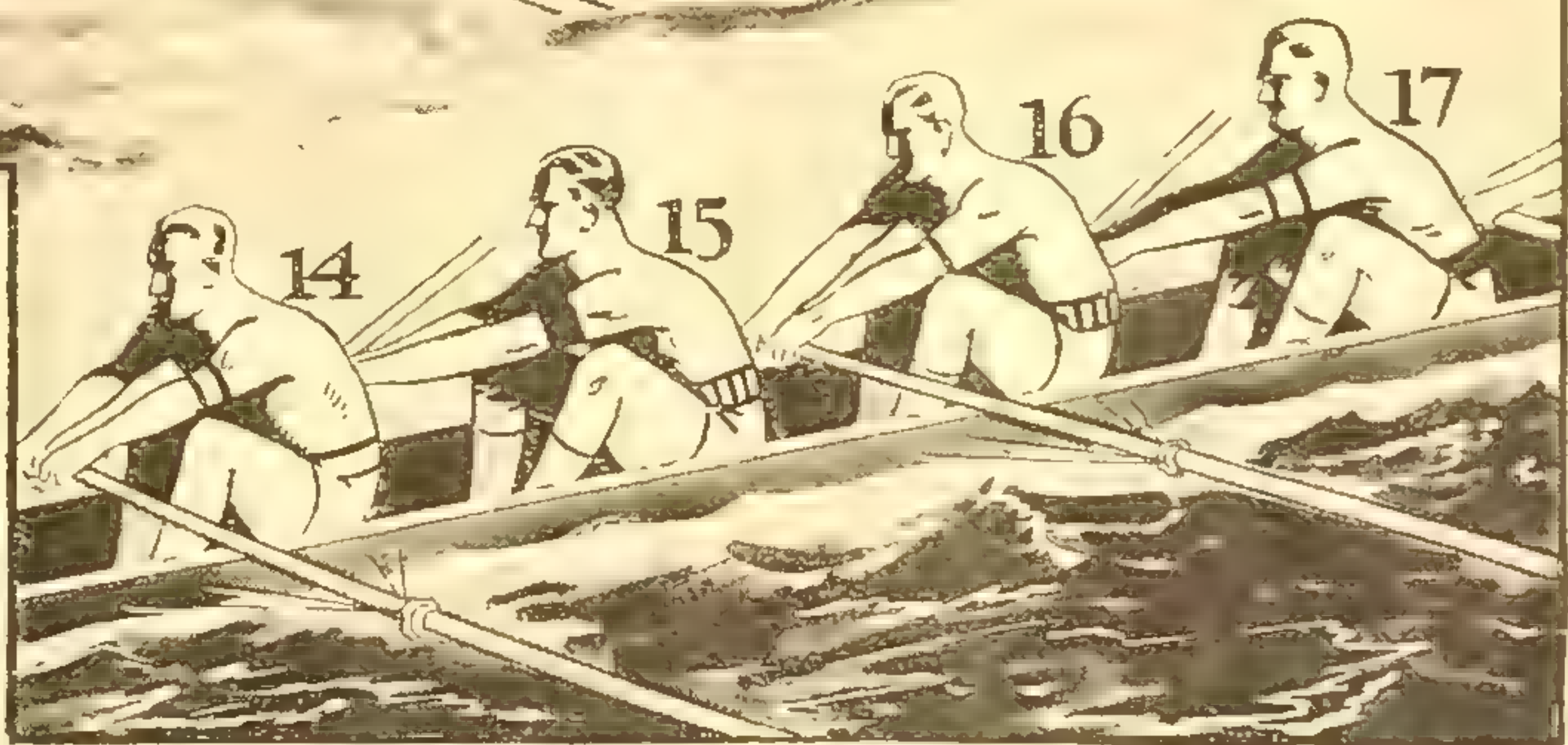
**F**OR purposes of publicity, a nationally known \$1,000,000.00 company, founded in 1893, is sponsoring an entirely new and original program of prize distributions. In this one prize offer, Twelve First Prize Winners are to be selected.

If you would like a chance to win one of twelve new Ford Sedans or one of twelve \$500.00 cash prizes which will be awarded at once, simply submit an answer to this question — "Which crewman is different from all the rest shown in the illustration above?"

A correct answer to this question is the only qualification required for this opportunity to become a prize winner. You will not obligate yourself in any way by submitting an answer, nor will you be asked to buy anything. There is no trick involved, but before trying to solve the puzzle, read carefully the explanation which follows:

The illustration pictures seventeen crewmen, all of whom you will notice are numbered. If your eye is keen, you may be able to find eight pairs of twins among them. Except for one crewman, who is different, every other member of the crews has an exact double, maybe in a different boat. One crewman, and **only one**, is different from all the rest. He is not, however, the coxswain — the young man with the megaphone to his mouth.

You can see, now, that this becomes a real test of observation. Probably the best way for you to begin is to take your pencil and list down the numbers of those you believe to be twins, but do not send in the twins' numbers. The number of the different crewman is all you will need to send.



Study the crewmen's faces, heads, arms and legs — those of the twins must correspond. So, too, must their hair and the position of their arms and legs. Notice that some men lean far forward — others not so far; that all wear sweaters of various designs and that the twins' sweaters are alike. Every detail must correspond exactly between those whom you pair up as twins. There is absolutely no charge to you for trying for these prizes which will be given in accordance with the contestants' standings when the final decision is made. If you can pick out the eight pairs of twins, you will have eliminated all but the different one. That is the first test. Work this out correctly and you will then be eligible for the final deciding work which I am sure you will find interesting. Who knows, perhaps you will be one of those successful in finding the different crewman?

\$8,275.00 will be paid to the winners in this present offer. There are many other prizes besides the first prizes and twelve extra awards of \$125.00 each as well for promptness, so that the twelve first prizes will equal a total of \$625.00 each in cash.

Should there be ties, duplicate prizes will be paid. This offer is not open to persons living in the City of Chicago or outside the U. S. A. Start right now; see if you can pick out the different crewman. If you think you have found him, rush his number to the address below. You will be notified at once if your answer is selected as correct.

W. M. CLARK, Manager,  
Room 76, 52 W. Illinois Street, Chicago, Illinois.



# Our Hollywood Neighbors

(Continued from page 10)

the feminine stars that their gowns are frights, and informing the male celebrities that they have no table manners. Douglas Fairbanks invited Barnett to a Pick-fair party and the insulter proceeded to tell Mary that he had been in Germany while "Kiki" was being shown.

"I hate to tell you," he said, "but the picture was practically hissed off the screen."

As he elaborated on the story Mary was almost in tears. Before the evening was over Doug explained the hoax.

Mary laughed it off, but I'd give a nickel to know what she said to Doug in private.

**I**T begins to look as if the name of Talmadge will never again appear on the theater marquees of the world. If this becomes true it marks the beginning of the end of the old, romantic, colorful days of motion pictures. The sprightly Connie has no intention of working again, and while Norma speaks occasionally of making another picture, her plans are vague. She, too, has ceased worrying about a career.

I saw her the other day. She has never seemed so happy nor has she been so beautiful since the memorable days of "Smiling Through" and "Secrets." She spent much of the summer in Honolulu, and she plans to go to Switzerland this winter. Little time left for pictures.

"If I ever found the right story—perhaps," she said. "It would have to be good. After 'DuBarry' if I made another bad picture, people would wait outside of the theater and shoot me. Anyway, when I see all of these worried faces I thank heaven for my trust fund."

Like Mary Pickford, Norma Talmadge has held a place in pictures which can never be filled. For one thing that exciting, breath-taking beauty which is hers, isn't found every day or so.

**H**ALF way to Malibu Beach, the favorite sun-tan spot for the Hollywood famous, stands a little, weather-beaten church. It hangs perilously above the waves which pound on the rocks many feet below. That church is more interesting than the whole stretch of summer homes at Malibu, for it is all that remains of a once great studio—Inceville. The little church was erected for a wedding scene in Billie Burke's picture of years ago, "Peggy." Everything else of Inceville is gone, including the little Napoleon of the lot, Thomas Ince, himself. The church seems like a ghost from the past.

I remember when the winter waves used to wash out the roads, and the actors rode horseback from Santa Monica to the studio. It was a community to itself, and the most interesting inhabitants were an old Indian squaw and her husband. The good lady used to go on regular sprees of fire-water and chase her spouse all over the place, brandishing aloft a vicious looking butcher knife.

It was here that William S. Hart became famous, and

Charles Ray rose to the heights in "The Coward." Louise Glaum and Dorothy Dalton were the grand ladies of the lot, and a young, ambitious boy played tiny bits. No one thought he would ever amount to much. His name was John Gilbert.

**I**T'S a bit late, this story, but if you haven't heard it, it's worth the telling.

Guests at a moving picture star's wedding were slightly puzzled over the identity of the young man who kissed the bride so tenderly, told her to be careful of her hay-fever, and wished her all kinds of happiness.

"Who is it?" everybody wanted to know.

Finally one of those people who hear all, know all, and see all, explained.

"Why, it's just her first husband."



The only waves where Marion Shilling goes swimming are those she provides herself. But they're the kind that make you want to jump right in, aren't they, boys?

**H**OLLYWOOD can now draw a deep breath of relief. Everyone has been on pins and needles ever since Pola Negri arrived to know on what young gallant the exotic star would bestow her time and interest.

Well, hold tight, everybody.

Charles Morton, the good looking boy who used to play in pictures at Fox, is reported to be the lucky swain.

Pola must have "lofe."

**A**H, ROMANCE! Dorothy Lee has eyes for no one but Marshall Duffield, blond football hero from the University of Southern California. Roscoe Arbuckle will wed Addie McPhail, actress. Dorothy Mackaill seems very much "that way" about her new fiancé, Neil Miller. Neil is a good looking youngster, and they say he is right there when it comes to crooning those pash love songs. No, Genevieve, he isn't a native Hawaiian, even if Dot did find him there. He's another U. S. C. boy who

made good with the movie stars. David Manners is attentive to Elsie Janis. They say that Gary Cooper would like to kiss and make up with Lupe Velez. Lupe say no.

**W**EDDING gifts are always a problem in Hollywood. Usually the duplicates come in dozens.

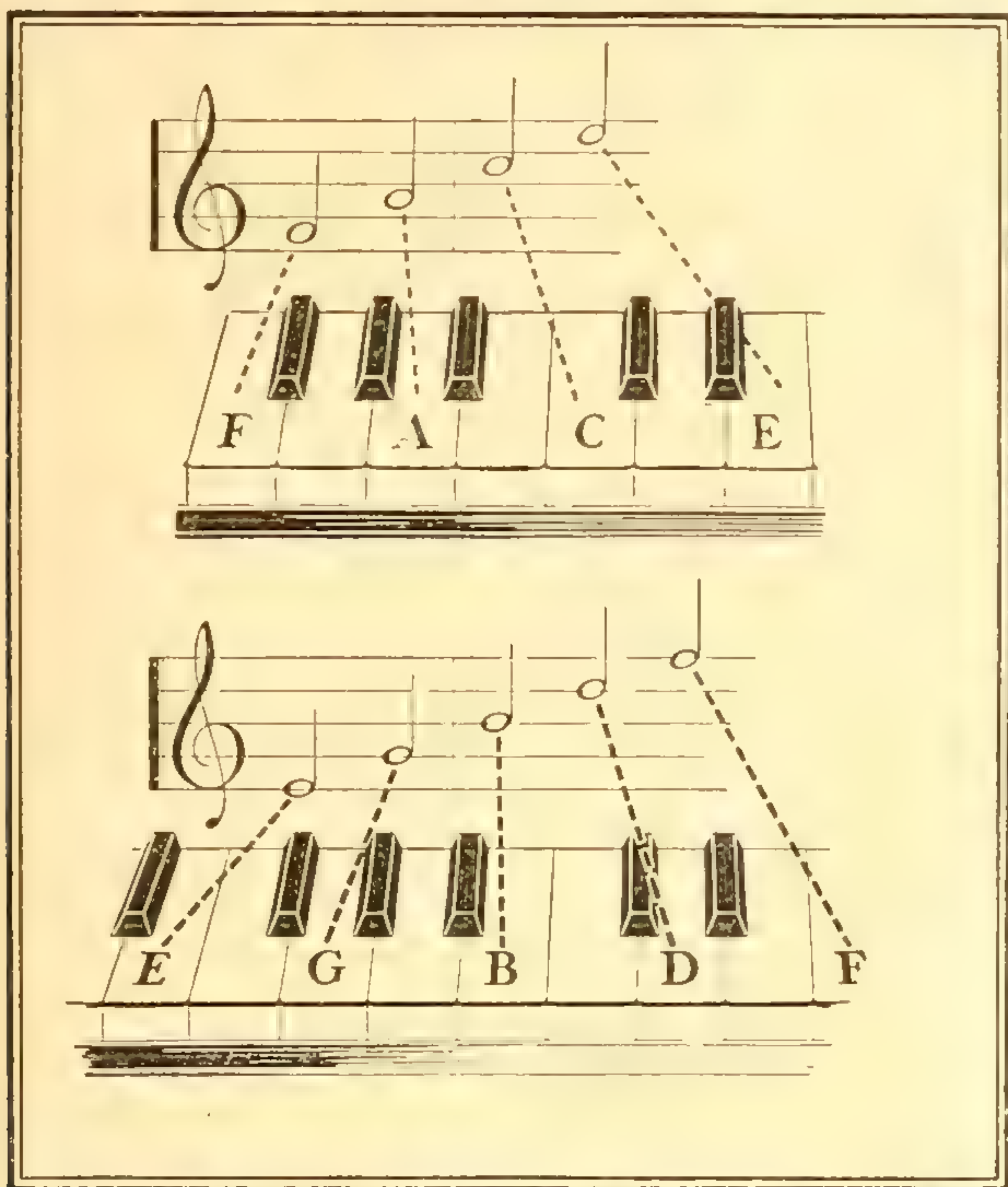
Eugene Pallette was late in contributing booty to the new Mrs. Stuart Erwin (June Collyer). Gene visited the happy couple and delivered an address against electric refrigeration. Gene is old-fashioned and he likes to see his ice in great chunks rather than in dainty cubes.

The next day his wedding present arrived. It was an ice box, large enough to accommodate a side of beef. A one hundred pound cake of ice was included with the gift.

It stands in the middle of June's kitchen and I think the cook has to sit on it when she stirs up dinner. June's in a spot. She can't give it away because Gene is just *that* sensitive.



# HERE IT IS . . . .



## —your first lesson in this popular, easy as A-B-C way of learning music

**YES**, learning to play your favorite instrument this thrilling new way is actually as easy as it looks.

Notice the first picture. The notes spell F-A-C-E—face. That wasn't hard . . . was it? Then look at the second E-G-B-D-F—Every Good Boy Does Fine. You can't *help* learning. All you do is look at the pictures and you know the entire scale!

Your next step is to play actual tunes, right from the notes. And all of the lessons of the famous U. S. School of Music course are just as easy, just as simple as that.

You have no excuses—no alibis whatsoever for not making your start toward musical good times now.

For by this remarkably clear and fascinating course, you learn in the privacy of your own home, without the aid of a private teacher. No more hard, tedious hours of dry-as-dust theory or finger-twisting exercises.

Just imagine . . . a method that has removed all the boredom and extravagance from learning to play, a method by which you learn music in less than half the usual time, and at an average cost of only a few cents a day!

Easy as can be  
These fascinating lessons

are like a game. Everything is right before your eyes—printed instructions, diagrams, and all the music you need. You can't possibly go wrong. First you are *told* what to do, then a picture *shows* you how, and then you do it yourself and *hear* it. The best private teacher in the world could not make it clearer or easier.

Forget the old-fashioned idea that you have to have "talent" or "musical ability." You don't at all, *now*! More than 600,000 people who could not read one note from another, are now accomplished players. Some of the U. S. School of Music students are playing on the stage, some in orchestras, and thousands of others have discovered the glorious new popularity that comes to the man or woman who can entertain musically.

### PICK YOUR COURSE

Piano	Violin
Organ	Clarinet
Ukulele	Flute
Cornet	Saxophone
Trombone	Harp
Piccolo	Mandolin
Guitar	Cello
Hawaiian Steel Guitar	
Sight Singing	
Voice and Speech Culture	
Drums and Traps	
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Banjo (Plectrum, 5-String or Tenor)	
Piano Accordion	
Italian and German Accordion	
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### New Popularity—Plenty of Good Times

If you are tired of always sitting on the outer rim of a party, of being a professional looker-on—if you've often been jealous because others could entertain friends and were always in demand—if you've wanted to play but never thought you had the time or money to learn, let the time tested and proven U. S. School come to your rescue.

Don't miss any more good times! Learn to play your favorite instrument and be the center of attraction wherever you go. Musicians are invited everywhere, they are always-in demand. Enjoy this greater new popularity you have been missing. Have the good times that pass you by. You can have them—easily!

### Free Booklet and Demonstration Lesson

Our wonderful illustrated Free Book and Free Demonstration lesson explain all about this remarkable method. No matter what instrument you choose to play, the Free Demonstration lesson will show you at once the amazingly simple principles upon which this famous method is founded. As soon as the lesson arrives, you see for yourself just anyone can learn to play his favorite instrument *by note* in almost no time and at a fraction of what the old slow methods cost. The booklet will also tell you about the astounding new *Automatic Finger Control*.

Read the list of instruments to the left, decide which you want to play, and the U. S. School of Music will do the rest. Act NOW. Clip and mail this coupon today, and the fascinating Free Book and Free Demonstration Lesson will be sent to you at once. No obligation, of course. Instruments supplied when needed, cash or credit.

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Please send me your free book, "Music Lessons in Your Own Home," with introduction by Dr. Frank Crane, Free Demonstration Lesson and particulars of your easy payment plan. I am interested in the following course:

Have you  
Instrument? . . . . .  
Name . . . . .  
Address . . . . .  
City . . . . . State . . . . .



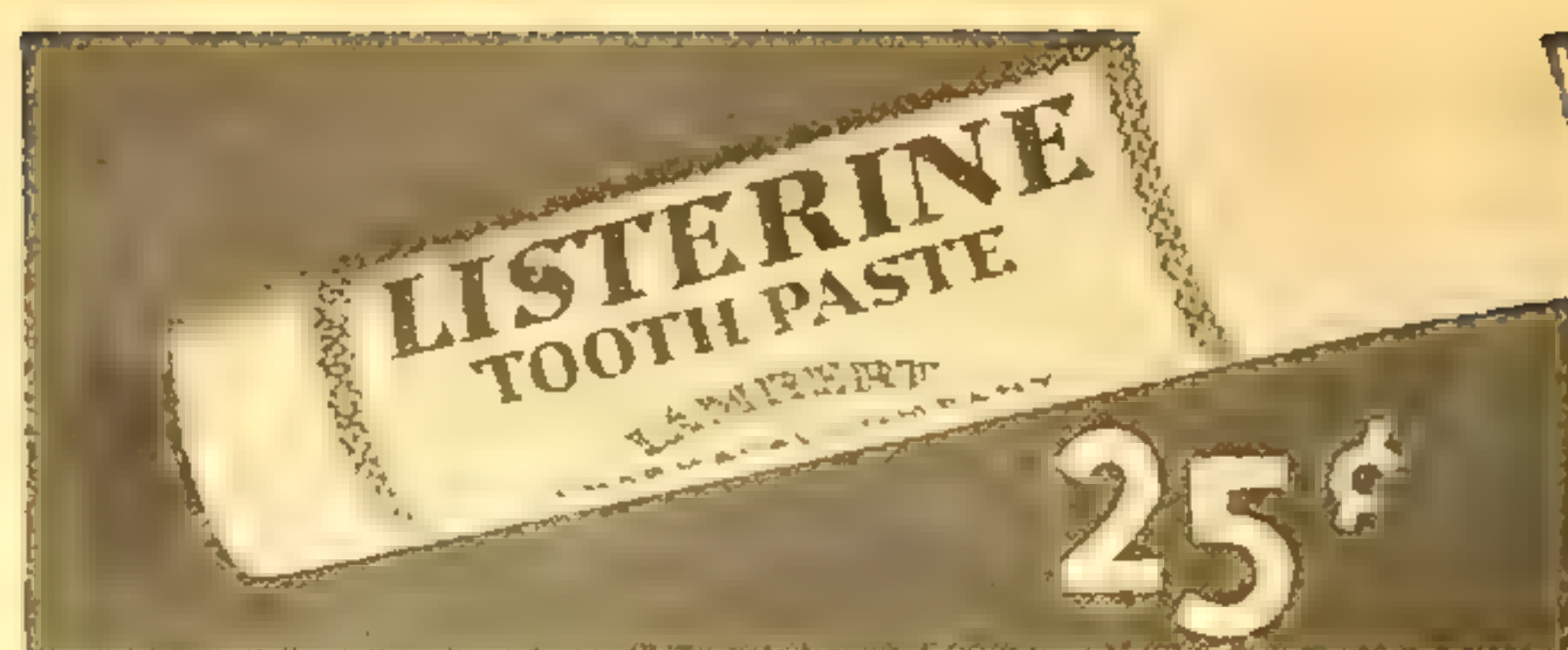
# Tooth Paste for Two at the price of one!

*—and results as amazing as the price!*

Few people are innocent enough, these days, to believe that two can live as cheaply as one. But many a couple has found that even if the old theory is not true of any other expenses, it is true of tooth paste.

From 50¢ dentifrices, they have switched over to Listerine Tooth Paste, at 25¢ a tube. This makes their *combined* bill just what *each* of them paid before!

Most people use a tube a month.



Saving 25¢ twelve times, means \$3 a year, for each person in the family. This often adds up to quite a sizable and welcome economy.

Naturally, however, it would be foolish to save money at the cost of inferior tooth-cleansing. That would only result in dentists' bills many times the yearly cost of any tooth paste.

Listerine Tooth Paste cleans, whitens, and polishes as well as any brand made. It contains a special element which does the work excellently, with half the effort—yet is absolutely safe for your tooth enamel. And the lively, clean taste it leaves in your mouth reminds you of Listerine itself.

We could never offer you this high quality at so low a price except for two facts. Our manufacturing methods are perfectly efficient. And vast production is made possible by the continued demand of millions of men and women. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

## A pair of golf hose for you!

By using Listerine Tooth Paste rather than a 50¢ dentifrice, you save \$3 a year. That would buy Listerine Tooth Paste for another member of your family for an entire year—or any number of things, such as a pair of golf hose.



The makers of Listerine Tooth Paste  
recommend  
Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brushes

# LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE • 25¢





# Will Gable Take the Place of Valentino?

By GLADYS HALL

**G**RETA GARBO took one look at him on the screen and said, "DOT ISS MY NEXT LEADING MAN!" The man was CLARK GABLE. You will see them together in "Susan Lenox, Her Fall and Rise."

And that little expression of Greta's tells, in six words, how this new Hollywood sensation is awakening feminine interest everywhere—not only with the stars (the men like him, too), but also with the romantic girls and women who make up the majority of the screen's vast audiences.

Extraordinary, indeed, is the personality who can evoke from the indifferent Garbo so definite, so enthusiastic a reaction.

And if this desire was aroused in the sphinx-like breast of Garbo, *what* will be the effect upon the millions of much more susceptible women?

Once in a lifetime—and *maybe twice*—there flashes across the screen a man with the power to make all women feel that they are in danger. Such danger as all women prefer to peaceful safety.



Not since the days of the lamented Rudy has the screen had such a sensation as Clark Gable—who has started out the same way, though an entirely different type. Even as he thrilled Garbo, he seems destined to become every woman's ideal of a Great Lover

Once—and perhaps twice—we see a man who, when he kisses the heroine on the screen, kisses you—and you—and me. A man with an earthy quality—call it romance, call it glamour, call it sex. No matter what you call it, there it is, compelling and irresistible.

*Such a man was Valentino.*

No One Has Replaced Rudy

**A**ND such a loss was his that no one—not Ronald Colman, nor John Gilbert, nor Clive Brook nor any other man—has been able to atone for that loss.

Valentino's death is, to-day, the grief it was yesterday. He was every woman's lover. He was every woman's dream of that romantic secret life never yielded her—save in him. He was every husband's and every lover's phantom rival. He made lonely women glow and love again. He gave color and flame and mystery to the feminine world.

No man is like another man. No emotion is ever the same as another emotion. *But a similar effect may be produced.*

Clark Gable is not Valentino's successor, not his rival, not even

*(Continued on page 73)*



# Will Buddy Rogers

Buddy admits he wants to leave  
Television people want to sign  
talented, good-looking -- and  
of the Air and

all the way from ten to eighty—have been aware for the past year or so that Buddy has been slipping. Slowly, slowly, but very surely, his popularity has been waning. All that was needed to topple him from the dizzy heights of stardom was one more silly, weak picture. And along it came in "Along Came Youth." Buddy lost his chevrons.

That was a blow. That was something that doesn't often happen in this town that sells personalities. Particularly to young stars. It looked, at first glance, like a dirty deal. It wasn't Buddy's fault that he had slipped. Let his company give him a good picture and his fans would come back. But Hollywood, a little shrewder than the boys in the street, saw in Buddy's demotion a smart move. It would arouse new sympathy for him, tease his worshipers into pulling for him stronger than ever.

## Why Buddy Couldn't Accept

**M**ONTHS passed before he made another picture, and that picture was "The Lawyer's Secret"—in which, for the first time in his life, the pure young man from Kansas played a semi-villainous weakling. In short, he had a chance to act. And so well did he do his job that he stole the film from Clive Brook and Richard Arlen, both featured above him. But things still didn't look particularly rosy for Mrs. Rogers' boy.

It was about this time that the advance guard of showman Earl Carroll, who gives Ziegfeld a run for his money every summer with "The Vanities," stole into Hollywood. They were there, said somebody, to snatch away Clara Bow. They were after Lupe Velez, said another. No, it was Estelle Taylor, said somebody



Dyar

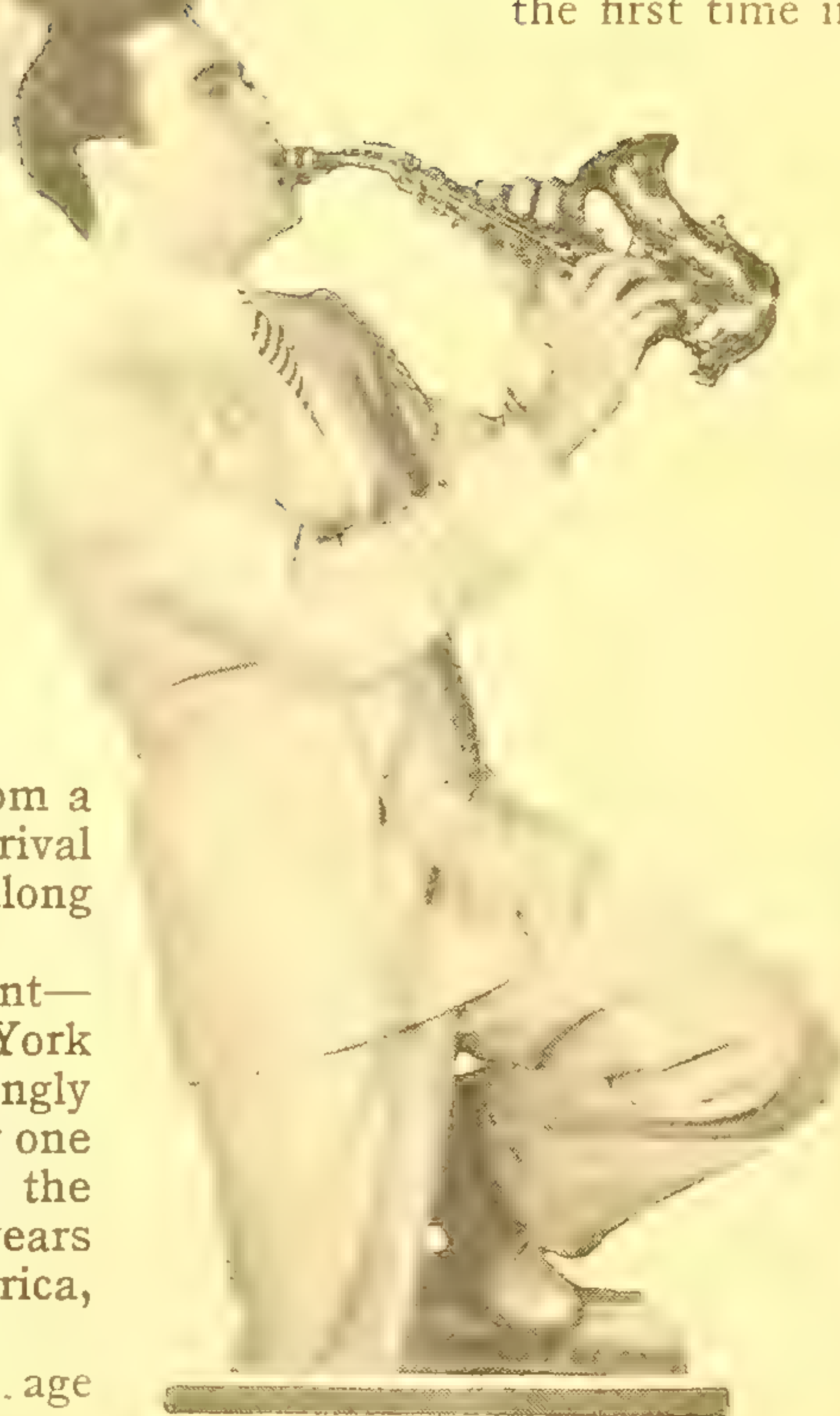
Buddy Rogers, growing serious, admits that music—not movies—is his great passion. The screen's handsomest saxophone-player is planning a big radio future

By HELEN LOUISE WALKER

**C**HARLES (BUDDY) ROGERS isn't a star any longer—he's almost through on the screen. Buddy is going on the musical comedy stage and have a night-club on the side. Buddy is going to accept a big offer from a radio broadcasting company, organize a band, and rival Rudy Vallee. And pretty soon Television is coming along and Buddy will be the biggest favorite of them all.

These are the rumors—more and more persistent—that are circulating around Hollywood and New York about the ex-Darling of the Debs. And, surprisingly enough, there may be more than a little truth in every one of them. Don't be surprised if Buddy does leave the screen—and don't be surprised, either, if a couple of years from now he is the most popular young man in America, this side of Lindbergh.

Even his staunchest admirers—and they range in age





# Rival Rudy Vallee?

the screen and become a radio star. The him up now. Don't be surprised if the unmarried--Buddy becomes the new King displaces Rudy Vallee

Well might Rudy Vallee ponder if he'll still be King of the Air when Television comes! Particularly, if Buddy Rogers—who's brunette (the Television type)—becomes his rival. Below, Buddy coaxes along a trombone



Mitchell

else. Maybe so. But it's certain they had come for Buddy Rogers.

Paramount wouldn't let him go. They took up his option, thus keeping him for another six months. Must be they rate the lad rather highly themselves. They'd better!

If Buddy had gone to New York, he would have been all set. Besides being a revue figure, he would have led an orchestra for midnight dancing at the Hotel New Yorker, and he would have broadcast. And Rudy Vallee, in that swanky apartment of his (with a radio in every room), would probably have been gnawing his nails with worry.

"I could make three times the money there that I am making here," he told me. "You see, I could handle three different jobs at once. I'd get away from the theater at about a quarter to twelve and get over to the New Yorker—and then there'd be the broadcasting besides.

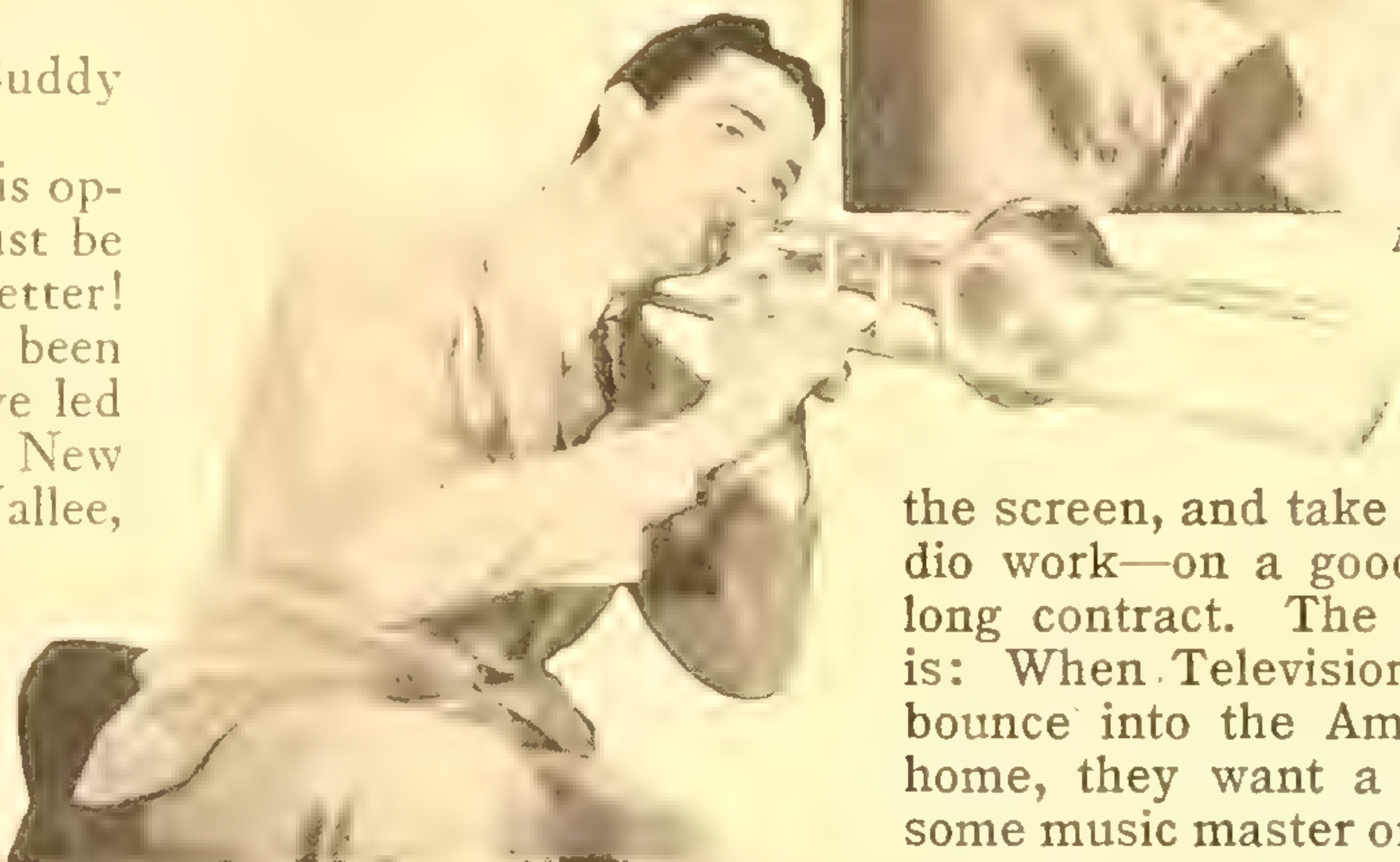
He's Getting Ready—

"PICTURES haven't seemed to be going so well for me just lately. And you know how I have always wanted to have my own band. I don't expect to stay in Hollywood forever and I'm getting ready . . ."

So you can take it from Buddy, himself, that he's on his way out of the movies and on his way into musical work. And you can take it from all the prophets that Buddy is destined for more fame and popularity than either he or Rudy Vallee has ever known. I'll tell you why.

Just as you didn't hear of talkies until they were right on you, you aren't hearing much about Television now. An occasional article, here and there, hinting at its possibilities—but that's all. Do you know that it is likely to be here in another year—and that in another two years there will probably be radio-television sets in a million American homes? And when that big day arrives, you're likely to hear more of Buddy Rogers than you now do of Hoover, "Alfalfa Bill" Murray, and all the Soviets together. It's in the cards.

Radio interests—which know that Television is lurking just around the corner—have approached Buddy with offers that would stagger you. They want him to give up



Buddy is even more versatile than Rudy. He can play every instrument in an orchestra, including the piano. And the boy doesn't croon—he puts fire in his torch songs



the screen, and take up radio work—on a good, big, long contract. The secret is: When Television does bounce into the American home, they want a handsome music master on their screen. And where is there anybody else like Buddy?

Rudy Vallee will be on hand—very much on hand—when the new sight-and-sound era descends. But will he still be the undisputed King of the Ether Waves? Will he still have only such competition as is furnished by Morton Downey, Bing Crosby, Will Osborne and company? Or will a young chap named Rogers be on—and in—the air?

No Love Lost Between Them

IF the two do become rivals—and there's every indication they will—it ought to be a battle royal. It's no secret that there's no love lost between them even now.

Rudy has toured most of the country, making personal appearances, but nowhere is he the idol, it seems, that he is in Brooklyn, New York. He plays there for weeks at a time and gets a big hand at every performance.

Last spring, as "a special added attraction," Rudy and Buddy appeared at the same theater at one and the same time. And how the mobs battled to get inside the doors! There wasn't any doubt about it. The Brooklyn folks were still daffy about Rudy, but they had gone crazy about Buddy. Is that just a sample of what might happen if they became radio rivals?

Buddy's voice, the critics will tell you, will never get him in the Metropolitan Opera. But they will tell you the same thing about Rudy's. Both boys need a megaphone when singing in a big auditorium. But in front of

(Continued on page 78)



# EVEN HOLLYWOOD'S CAN'T RESIST THEIR

Nor can any man who comes under the spell of these sirens, no matter whether he knows them personally, or just watches them on the screen. They are the alluring types who develop secret passions in masculine hearts

**L**AST month we told you of Hollywood's Hottest Lovers—those romantic heroes who are expert at the art of breaking feminine hearts. This story (read it to the end) is a companion piece and reveals just how Hollywood men—and men everywhere—react to the wiles of the screen's leading sirens.—Editor's Note.

**W**HAT of these Hollywood beauties who always get their men (on the screen)—these beauties who are envied by other women the world over? Do they work their charms on the

Greta Garbo is the great shadow siren—the mistress of men's imaginations. Yet those who come in contact with her are just a little bit timid

men in the audience as potently as they do on the hero? Do the men in the old home-town consider them as dangerous as they look? If not, why not? And if so, who are the real heart-wreckers of Hollywood?

Listen to Richard Bennett, father of Constance and Joan, both of whom are supposed to have That Certain Something: "It's a lot easier for a shop-girl to be alluring than it is for a movie star. True seductiveness is based on femininity that brings out the protective instinct in men and makes them feel big and strong and helpful. Can you imagine feeling helpful toward any of these successful girls of the screen?"

On the other hand, can't you imagine men feeling something else besides helpful? Take Garbo—the great shadow siren, the mistress of men's imaginations. The screen has never had another like her. She is to the male fans of the world what Valentino was to their women-folk. But Greta as a personal bonfire is something else again.

## They're Afraid of Garbo

**M**EN who come in contact with Greta in real life are just a little bit afraid of her. I think John Gilbert was. I know Robert Montgomery was, during the filming of "Inspiration." As she strides onto her set, surrounded by men of all stages of studio importance, whose eyes might be expected to follow her every graceful movement, the onlooker is immediately impressed by a very different reaction. The boss has arrived—it is time to start work. She doesn't make their hearts stand still. She awes them.

And Marlene Dietrich, the only screen rival that Garbo has. What is it that Marlene has kept and Garbo has lost? The same Robert Montgomery, who is so in awe of Greta, the Great, breaks down and confesses that Marlene is his 'secret sorrow.' A critic who gets hard-boiled about many movie sirens in the flesh wanders onto Marlene's set (whenever he can get on) to feast his eyes on the woman he insists he is "in love with."

Where Greta's cloistered, aloof life seems to scare them off, Marlene's willingness to let the public know her



Joan Bennett is the type that inspires a man's protective sense. With her wistful appeal she looks like the feminine version of "when a feller needs a friend"



Constance Bennett arouses curiosity. Men stand in awe of her because they know she is used to luxury and wealth. She usually gets the man she's after



# HEROES CHARMS

By  
DOROTHY MANNERS

invites them. Perhaps it is because she is more earthy, more maternal. Perhaps it is because she is a glowing presence, rather than a woman of mystery—but I'm here to tell you they sigh over Marlene in Hollywood in a way that leaves no doubt as to her personal sex appeal.

William Powell, who has seen them all and played opposite many of the screen sirens, says: "The most seductive woman is the healthy woman. The popular diets of our day are destructive of all that is alluring in women. Women of to-day seem bent on creating a new feminine form divine. Well, they'll live to learn that old Mother Nature can't be improved upon!"

## The Super-Healthy Harlow

**B**ILL isn't talking of any star in particular—but the girl you'll think of right away is Jean Harlow. There is a creature who positively glows with health. And if you saw the Harlow in "Hell's Angels," you have a pretty good idea of how Jean has not attempted to tamper with—er—the lines of Nature.

Men's eyes follow Jean and—something tells me—so do their imaginations. She has not yet arrived at that degree of fame that is dominating or fear-inspiring. She is softly seductive. She looks as if she needs protection—or something. She can't even find a chair on the set unless some big strong man hustles around and finds it for her. Yes, indeed, the leader of the army of platinum blondes is as alluring in Hollywood as she is upon the now non-inflammable celluloid.

And while we're on the subject of healthy specimens, don't forget Clara Bow—that is, the Clara of the old days before screaming headlines and nervous breakdowns descended upon her.

She not only glowed with health; Clara bubbled over with it. Her eyes danced, she had to be doing something every minute, and life was just one good time after another—and one date after another. Every man sensed



Clara Bow conquers men on the screen and off because she is impulsive and spirited and glowing with health



Joan Crawford has a way of making men look her way. She's endowed with plenty of it

her impulsiveness. And how men like impulsiveness in their objects of affection!

If you are one of those souls who regard sex appeal purely as a physical thing—consider the plight of such charmers as Joan Crawford and Constance Bennett. The camera

demand its pounds of flesh—pounds and pounds of it—and these girls and others like them, who should be the quintessence of all that is femininely attractive, are almost anemic to the eye. If Connie

weighs ninety-eight pounds, I'll put in with you. And the startlingly hungry-eyed Joan, who hasn't eaten a square meal in years. Well, any way you want to look at it, they'd have a hard time rating as the Sultan's favorite in the Sultan's well-fed harem.

## Curious About Joan and Connie

**W**HEN Joan was a whoopee girl and was winning dancing prizes in every café in town, men crowded around whenever she appeared. They still look interested—but they don't get excited. You sense curiosity in the glances that men turn upon Joan and Connie. Curiosity about Joan because she has changed so. Curiosity about Connie because she is the highest-paid actress on the screen. Connie, like Garbo, baffles them. She has all the earmarks of a girl who is used to luxury and wealth—and those little earmarks put her out of the reach of most men.

Connie may not bring out that ol' protective instinct that her daddy speaks about. But her sister Joan seems to have the knack—even though you do hear stories around the studios that the little girl has a tendency to be high-hat. She doesn't look it, even off the screen. She

(Continued on page 76)



Jean Harlow is softly seductive. Men's eyes follow her—and so do their imaginations. No other woman feels secure when Jean's around



# Mary And Doug Will Never Be Divorced!

Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks top all the others among the Hollywood couples who will never take the road to Reno. MOVIE CLASSIC tells for the first time who these wives and husbands are--and why they will stay married.

By GLADYS HALL

**M**ARY and Doug will never be divorced. Let Doug take a trip to England without Mary. Let him take a long-lasting tour around the world, filming a travelogue, without Mary along. Let the rumor artists say what they will. Let them set Doug down as a lover of play, and Mary as a lover of work. Let them intimate that Mary wants to continue on the screen, while Doug wants to quit. But it would take dynamite to split apart the couple who live at Pickfair.

PRIDE—spelled with capital letters—will hold their marriage together, even if love is as dead as Queen Anne. I am not saying that it is. I know nothing about it. For the purposes of this little story of Hollywood, love is neither here nor there. It is neither your business nor mine.

Love may still bind them together as strongly as it ever did. Until one of them says something to the contrary, they deserve the benefit of the doubt. But whether it does or not, it is certain that pride does. Pride in the position they hold and the fame that is theirs. Not as Mary alone. Not as Doug alone. But as Mary and Doug—of Pickfair.

"Mary and Doug." Why, for ten years the world has linked their names, and those names have stood for romance in marriage. "And so they lived happily ever after." That's the legend that has grown up around them. In spite of fame, in spite of one previous divorce apiece, in spite of all the temptations that Hollywood offers, they have been "the screen's happiest married couple." Year after year after year. Just as they stayed on top of the heap while other players came and went, so did they still lock arms while lesser couples went temperamental and parted. Until last year they had never been separated for even a single night.



Monroe



Even when Ann Harding became more famous than Harry Bannister, no storm clouds appeared. They're the colony's best example of a love match

What Their Break Would Mean

"**M**ARY and Doug." It's an international anthem. If the house of Pickfair fell asunder, you would hear the ghastly echoes in Siam, in Japan, in England, in South America, in Keokuk, in Siberia. It wouldn't be just a marriage failing—it would be an institution crashing. And it takes more than cooling emotion or fleeting friction to bring down an institution. Pride will save Pickfair, if saving is needed.

A New York daily recently broke out in a rash of headlines to the effect that Mary was going to get a divorce. Los Angeles reporters hot-footed it for Pickfair to ask Doug for his comment. He not only burned up. He blew up. He wanted it known, once and for all, that there would

Edmund Lowe, because of his religion, will never seek another divorce. And Lilian Tashman is ready to fight for Eddie with tooth and nail. They roam for romance only on the screen



Domestic contentment is written all over this picture of Clive Brook, his wife, and daughter Faith





You couldn't pry John Barrymore away from family life, with baby Dolores keeping Daddy company



are through. So are Jack Dempsey and Estelle Taylor. To read the newspapers, you'd think everybody in Hollywood is changing mates.

#### Harold and Mildred

**B**UT *the Harold Lloyds will never be divorced.*

You don't have to do any more than step inside the threshold of the Lloyd house to know this. There is something permanent in the very air of their home, extensive and magnificent though it is. That atmosphere is as real as the polished floors and the priceless rugs. Behind the palatial exterior is a tight little realm of Domesticity. You suspect Harold of wearing carpet slippers and Mildred of

wearing aprons. You're positive they enjoy each other.

Harold was mighty proud of that house when he built it, and particularly of that terraced waterfall. It was a monument to his success. But he doesn't show you the house. He shows you his children—two his own and one adopted. Give him a chance and he'll talk for hours about "Bud"—Harold, Jr. to you. Ask Mildred Davis Lloyd when she is going to return to the screen, and she'll tell you, "Never." And you know she means it. Nothing could tempt the Lloyds away from the life they lead—family life, old-fashioned style.

They would have married and had children and built a home, even if they had had to get along on twenty-five dollars a week. They're just made that way. The fact that they married and had children and built a home on several thousand a week doesn't alter matters in the least.

#### Norma and Joe

**N**ORMA TALMADGE *and Joseph Schenck will never be divorced.*

Joseph Schenck is always discovering beautiful new starlets, and Norma is seen here and there with Gilbert

Pride will save Mary and Doug from divorce, if saving is needed



Russell Ball

Warner Baxter and his wife have shared too much in common to give any thought to divorce

be no divorce. Friends say that's one of the reasons why he'd like to live in England—to get away from the headline-hunters.

Ina Claire sues John Gilbert for divorce. Gloria Swanson puts the Marquis de la Falaise back in circulation. Pola Negri gives up the

title of Princess Mdivani. Colleen Moore and director John McCormick are permanently parted, as are Billie Dove and director Irvin Willat, and Betty Compson and director James Cruze. Loretta Young does not want to be Mrs. Grant Withers any longer, and Dorothy Lee, after eight months, decides to divorce James (press-agent) Fidler. The Rex Leases split. The Robert Armstrongs





Harold and Mildred Davis Lloyd have all kinds of money, but it's their family life—not what money can buy—that keeps them smiling

Roland (who used to be her leading man, you remember). But newspapers will be printed in invisible ink before the Schencks are severed.

Somehow, in spite of everything—and *everything* is the right word—their marriage has been one of those things that *is* a marriage. When they acquired one another, they also acquired a great amount of community property. And if the tenderer passions fail to hold them together, the community property will always be there to act as a rivet.

Love may laugh at bolts and bars. But it does not laugh at mortgages and leases and stocks and bonds and realty. Norma, herself, admits that she does not believe there will ever (note the word "ever") be a divorce. To the contrary. Joe might give up producing and Norma might give up acting—but each other? Never.

### The Conrad Nagels

**T**HE Conrad Nagels will never be divorced.

Religion is one reason why the Nagels are married for keeps. They are earnest Christian Scientists. Serenity is their gospel. Escape from all ugliness is their goal. And divorce is an ugly word in a home where a man and woman have been gloriously happy, and where a child has lived.



Chidnoff

Joseph Schenck and Norma Talmadge (in circles) may not share as many hours as some Hollywood couples, but they share more community property than most. They are firmly bound together



Jean Hersholt and his wife know what teamwork can do. They will never part

Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon have not only settled down, but are going to have children while they're young. The family life for them!



Acme

Here are two people who are strangers alike to temper and temperament, and whose lives will never be disarranged by fame or fortune or anything else that Hollywood has to offer in the way of temptations.

### Lil and Eddie

**L**ILYAN TASHMAN and Edmund Lowe will never be divorced.

Maybe you think otherwise. Maybe you think that Eddie has played *Sergeant Quirt* a bit too often not to let those merry eyes rove now and then. And maybe you think that Lilyan must forget herself sometimes off the screen and look up through her eyelashes *That Way*. They are more exciting than Doug and Mary. They are more exciting than most of the married couples who play with fire. They don't look, somehow, like the permanent type.

But they have already been married more years than you'd probably guess. And here is religion again, as an anchor. Eddie is a devout Catholic. He had one divorce, many years ago. The Church was closed to him. And ever since he has struggled and given and pleaded to gain admittance again. Not for all the women of all nations would he risk another divorce and thus close the portals forever. Not even if he wanted to, horribly, which I happen to know he doesn't.

And do you remember reading  
(Continued on page 80)

Conrad, on the screen, always is the solid man, the man of responsibility, the type of man who sticks to his ideals. And he is like that off the screen.

Alice Joyce says she will always be in love with an Irishman—and why exchange James Regan for any other?



# SCIENCE REVEALS GARBO'S CHARACTER

Careful Study Of Her Features  
Brings To Light The Real Reasons  
For Her Silence And Aloofness

By TONI GALLANT

## PHYSIOGNOMY — What Is It?

Physiognomy is the first real scientific attempt to read a person's character. It's fundamental belief is that thought governs the individual, and through thought he develops certain facial muscles much the same as an athlete develops the body. By constant use of one muscle, or set of muscles, such as joy, sorrow, grief, hunger, cruelty, etc., they become fixed and enlarged, thus stamping this thought indelibly upon his face. These muscles function automatically, and cannot be controlled at will as is the common belief.—Author's Note.

**G**RETA GARBO has the most intriguing face on the screen. For years the movie public has been asking questions about her. What is she like? Why is she so aloof? Is she just as quiet in her private life?

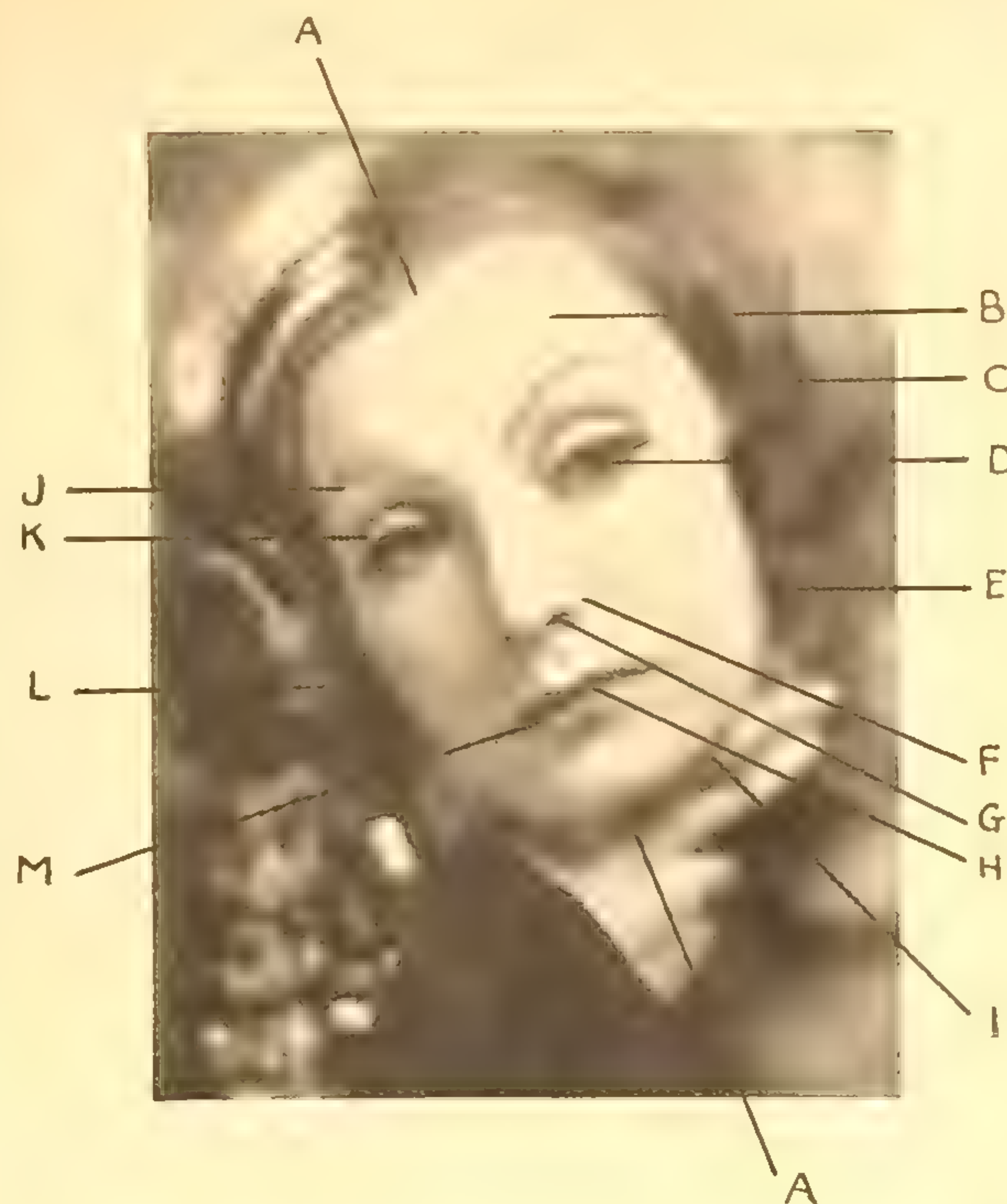
The answers have been even more baffling. Some said that she was under contract never to speak. Others said that she was so clever that she kept the public guessing by her silence. Still others said she was too stupid to hold a reasonable conversation, and so kept wisely silent . . .

• But a study of her face reveals that none of these are the real reasons for her silence. Garbo is aloof because she is oversensitive and because she underrates her own ability.

That can't be possible, you argue. Why doesn't her life reveal those things? It can be easily explained. She has developed a Spartan self-control.

Garbo is really very, very human. Like most women, she hates uncertainty. Her entire development of facial muscles indicates that she likes to see a thing finished without suspense. She loves peace and serenity. If conditions are not to her liking, she will adapt herself to overcome them. This was most evident when she quickly acquired a technique for the talkies. She had to master the new medium or fall into discard. She succeeded.

(Continued on page 75)



## PHYSIOGNOMICAL FEATURES

- A. Profile—Deliberate type. Listens to no advice. Not willing to begin anything she cannot accomplish. Insists upon making her own plans.
- B. Forehead—Imaginative. Inclined to under-rate her own ability. Too conservative.
- C. Temple (formation)—Good memory.
- D. Eyes—Secretive. Will not tell anything she knows.
- E. Texture of muscles—A keen lover of all things. Gets pleasure out of what others pass by as trivial. Hates discord. Natural love of literature and fine arts. Epicurean in taste.
- F. Nose—Artistic ability. Peaceful. Intellectual.
- G. Nostrils—Independence. Courage, Stubbornness.
- H. Mouth—Mockery. Coldness. Self-possession.
- I. Chin (muscles)—Determination. (This muscle in Garbo is not as large as that in Marlene Dietrich, but it is more compact and developed).
- J. Eyebrows—Over-sensitive. Jealous. Unreal.
- K. Eyelids—Shrewd. Capable of exact observation. Able to distinguish minute differences in color, etc. Unusual power of concentration.
- L. Face (muscular contour)—Dislike of change or uncertainty. Would rather settle an issue unfavorably than allow it to remain unsettled. Adaptable.
- M. Lips—Cynical. Unyielding. Guided by self-control.



# STALWART IDOLS OF HOLLYWOOD RIVAL GODS OF ANCIENT GREECE

Under their modern clothes, some of the Hollywood he-men are hiding physiques of the classic type—the kind that the Greeks and Romans worshipped in their gods and athletes. Who are these stalwarts? This story tells you

By HARRY D. WILSON

**I**N THE old Greek days, when a bunch of grapes or a lion's pelt was a street costume and a wreath of laurel and a yard of cloth were full evening dress, the masculine sex went in for muscles. Bodily beauty was worshipped. To-day clothes often make the man—and even the movie hero. But some of your Hollywood he-men, beneath their tailored goods, are made of the same stuff as the ancient idols.

The old-time heroes didn't have narrow shoulders or spindly legs or growing paunches. That's one reason why they were heroes. And little you may know it, but a few of the movie gods are in the same class. Just try to imagine some of the boys in lion's pelts and togas and you'll see what I mean.

Take Clark Gable, for instance. There's a man that clothes didn't make. And he doesn't have the facial contour of a matinée idol. But he does have a physique. Those shoulders of his are broad. He's muscular. There's something about him that makes every woman remember that she's one of the weaker sex.

In the old days, a broad-shouldered chap named Atlas had to support the world in order to become a sensation. But all that broad-shouldered Gable has to do to-day to make the world talk is to support Greta Garbo. The almost anemic Swedish girl and the powerfully-built lad

from Ohio—what greater contrast could you ask? And this ex-lumberjack who made good could be favorably contrasted with any other god of the screen, not to mention ancient Greece.

Blond—Like The Gods

**P**HILLIPS Holmes is no strong man, but any woman who has seen a Greek or Roman statue will tell you that Phil has classic lines. The resemblance begins with his cameo-like profile and extends right down to his well-turned heels. Another thing—

he's blond, which was what the mythical idols were. It wouldn't be hard to imagine Phil living in the days when all roads led to Rome, and maybe being the heir apparent to the throne of the Caesars.

When Joel McCrea—also blond—was growing up in Los Angeles, he had an idea he'd like to break into the movies some day. But when he finished growing up, he was so tall that he didn't have any hope of ever playing in anything except Westerns. He thought of trying to become another Gary Cooper. But the fates and his form decided otherwise. Someone spotted him in a bathing-suit. And that someone knew the idol-type when he (or she) saw it.

Joel's secret of success is the same as that of the lads of mythology—namely, exercise. He doesn't throw the discus or heave the javelin, but he's an expert at handball—and Joel could swim the Hellespont any day in the week. That mahogany tan—another feature of the old Athenian athletes—tells where he spends most of his time.

He's another who could get

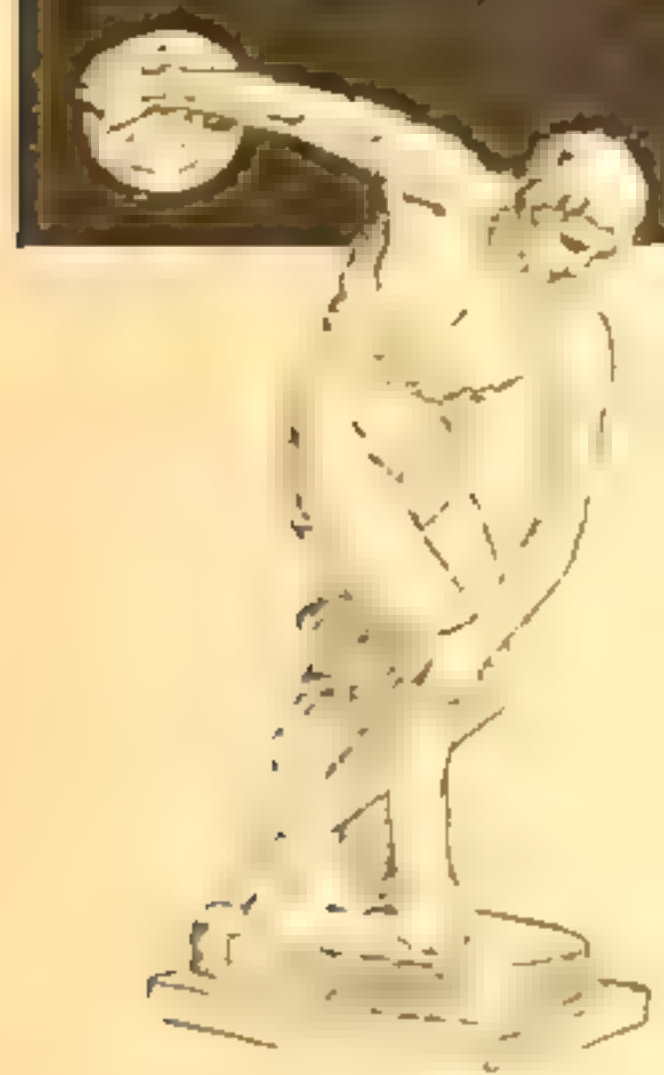
along without a tailor, and would look just as handsome in one of those sheet affairs as any of your art gallery gods.

David Manners, who came West originally for his health, has since developed into a classic specimen of masculinity. Moreover, to a marked degree, this young Canadian has another attribute of the ancient idols—poise. And he has the profile to go with the physique.



David Manners — who came West for his health and developed along classic lines—looks like Apollo Belvedere (inset), even in evening clothes. David resembles him in both profile and physique





The Discobolus of Myron (left) embodies all the ancient ideals of the masculine physique. Lew Ayres (above), tossing a beach ball instead of a discus, is modeled along the same smooth lines



Joel McCrea never expected to be called a Greek god in modern dress. But a physique can do plenty for a Hollywood hero. It's Mars (right) that Joel resembles, even to blond hair

#### Johnny Blessed With Muscles

**J**OHNNY Mack Brown is such an example of the stalwart male that he is being restricted almost entirely to outdoor epics, in which he gets a chance not only to use his muscles, but to show them. It was football, not greasepaint, that gave Johnny his physique. Back in his Alabama days, he was a stadium hero—and who knows? Maybe back in some previous existence he used to draw the crowds to the Circus Maximus in Rome—where he would toss the lion for a ten yard loss.

You had a good glimpse of the muscular development of Lew Ayres in "Iron Man." He isn't rugged, by any means—and he doesn't have the build popularly associated with prize-fighters. But he does have the same sort of litness that helped the heroes of old to win those wreaths of laurel. Lew is winning laurels of another kind—and his physique is helping him plenty.

All of the ancient gods were fighters—and so have been some of the Hollywood idols. Maybe that's why their physiques rival those of the legendary lads. Victor McLaglen must have struck terror into the natives when he was Prefect of Police in Bagdad, for Victor towers 'way above the mere ordinary male. He stands as straight as a wall, which was another trait of the soldiers that vanquished Troy.

Neither Homer nor Cicero wrote any sagas about the early heroes kissing ladies' hands. But the fact that



Phillips Holmes has the same kind of features as the Caesars — features rarer than Caesarian coins

Ivan Lebedeff makes a practice of the gesture doesn't rule him out of the picture. This Russian ex-nobleman has noble lines. He is tall, he has the carriage of a soldier, his shoulders are broad, and he has poise. Hollywood women are keen about him. He's like someone you read about.

#### The Noblest Roman of Them All

**A**ND the greatest fighter of them all has the prize physique of all. The name is Jack Dempsey. He has all the makings of an idol. What shoulders! What arms! And what a body! He's practically hipless. There are plenty of women who wish he had followed a screen career, instead of the ring. It isn't too late yet . . .

A toga wouldn't be to Doug Fairbanks' liking, at all. It would cramp his style. But a lion skin would be just the thing for those athletic antics of his. Besides showing the ancient Athenians a physique in a thousand—particularly for a man of his age—he could probably shame most of the youngsters with his agility.

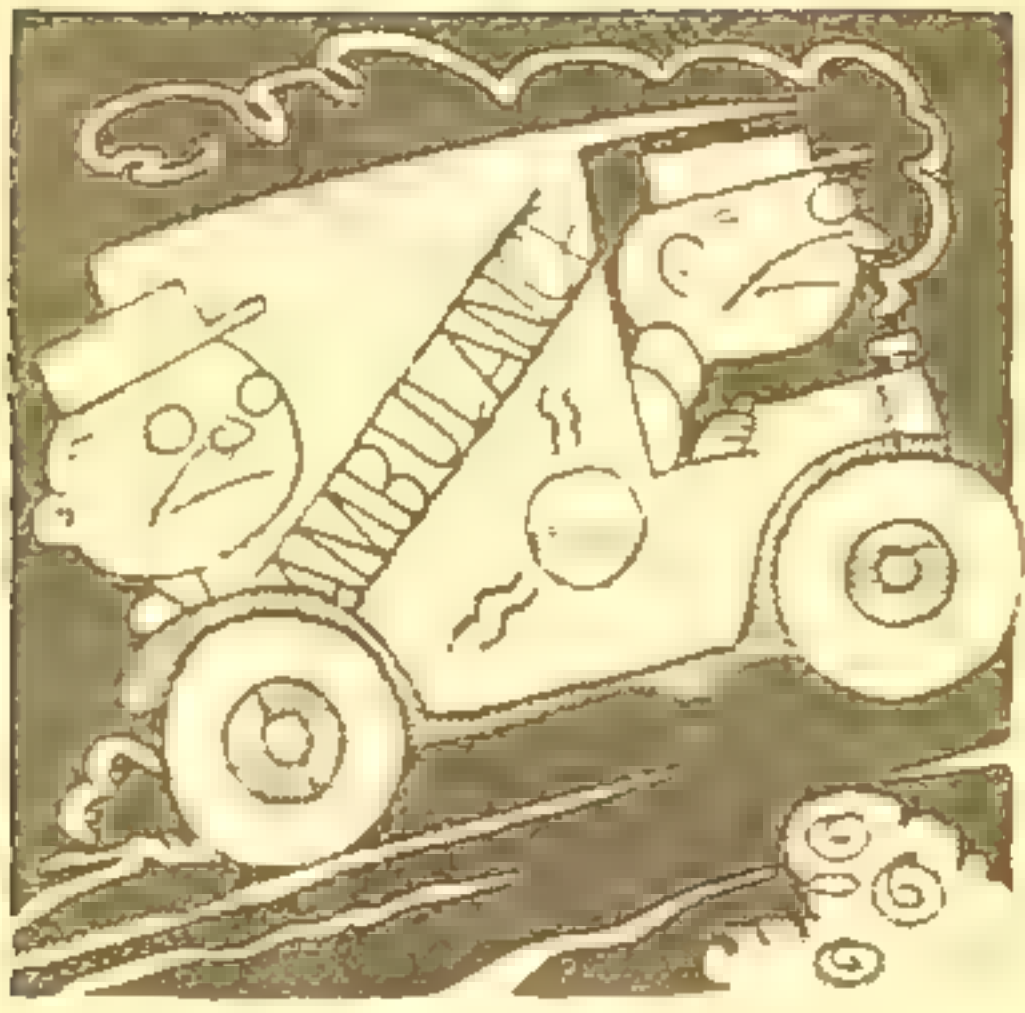
Most of these hard-riding Western stars have God-given builds. There's Colonel Tim McCoy, with one of the finest bodies that ever graced the screen. Ken Maynard, Tom Mix and Buck Jones are other huskies whose measurements could compare with Apollo's. Not to mention George O'Brien, whose middle name, some

(Continued on page 71)



# Anonymously Yours

By CHOLLY HOLLYWOOD



AN actress who specializes in sex appeal and who has been in a good deal of trouble lately was assigned to make a new picture. Her director was to be a well-known stage man—well-known for his temper and autocratic manner. The studio foresaw fireworks. They were right. Star and director had a fuss in mid-production. Star retired to her home and rumors spread that she tried to injure herself.

Three years or so ago she was rumored to have cut herself with a knife. Much rushing of ambulances to her home, much carrying of the star to a hospital. This magazine sent a reporter to find out just what had happened. The publicity director of the star's studio said she couldn't be seen. Said director, by the way, is notoriously timid, married, and far from being a lady's man. "But there's nothing to this suicide story," he assured the reporter. "There's not a scratch on her—and I saw her practically all over!"

\* \* \*

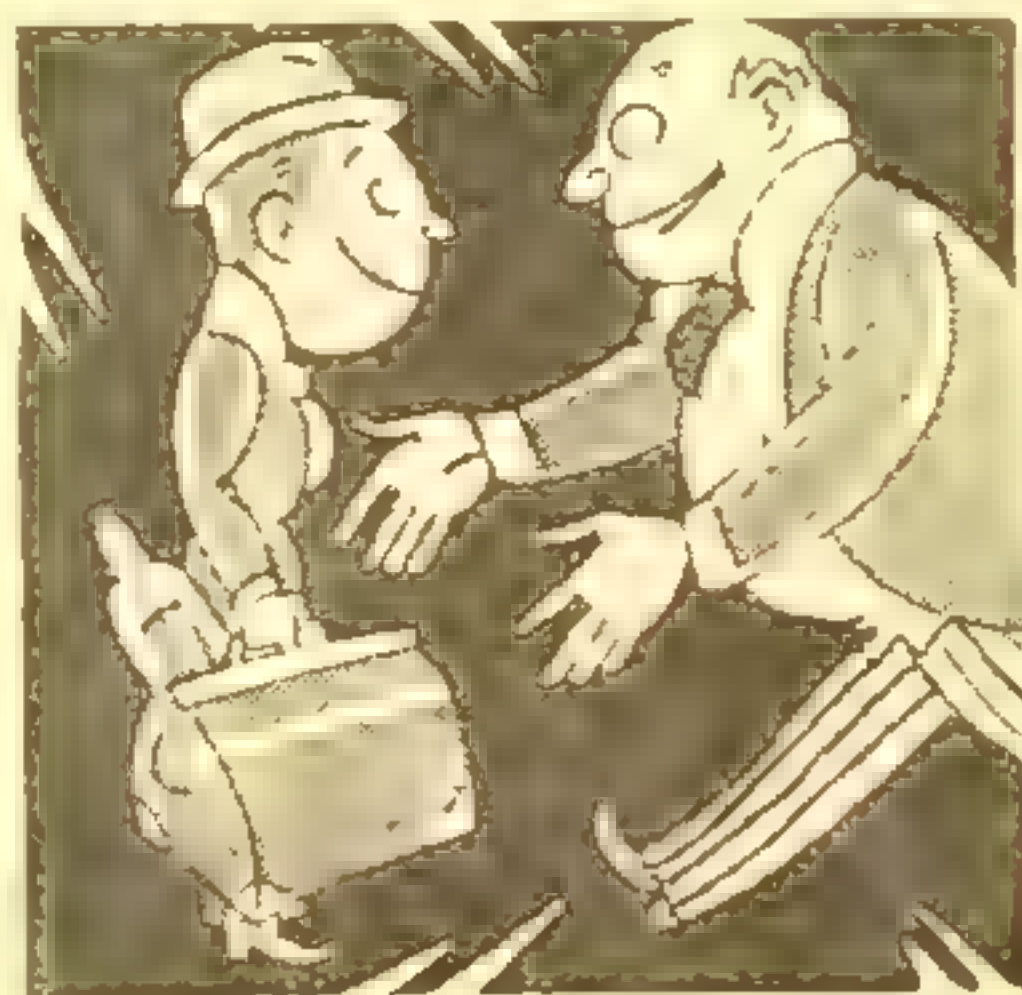
GOING around town is an anecdote concerning the little girl who was made a star for practically no reason at all, except that she had written a couple of best-selling books and the studio thought that a good publicity angle. They keep putting her in companies with seasoned troupers, hoping she will pick up pointers. It doesn't work out that way. The troupers naturally resent the inexperienced newcomer, whose head has been turned by the glitter of stardom, and find various ways of making life unpleasant for her. Always the studio has to take her out of the picture and substitute a more seasoned player.

This has been going on for some months—the star doing very little work and still drawing a thousand a week. The other day she walked into the office of the chief executive—first time she'd been near the studio in weeks. He had been thinking, with infinite regret, of the swell time she must be having, playing around the film colony at the company's expense, and they tell me he hasn't yet recovered from the shock he received when she made her request. She wanted a week's vacation, having decided she liked Hollywood and wanted to stick around and furnish a house.

The pathetic part of the story is that the little girl doesn't mean to be snobbish about her undeserved stardom. Just reads the publicity the studio sends out about her, and believes it.

\* \* \*

QUITE a few people wonder as to the identity of the little fellow with the high voice who wanders around one of the biggest film factories quite as if he owned it. Without having a definite position, he seems to know everyone and to have considerable influence with the bosses. In case you've seen him—he's the studio bootlegger.



ABOUT every prominent actress on the screen you will hear a rumor, sooner or later, that she didn't reach stardom by merit alone. Your gossip always adds the name of a studio chief to whom she is supposed to have been "nice." Usually the stories are not true. The technique of acting for the screen is a very difficult art, and has nothing to do with being pleasantly chatty to a supervisor across a supper-table set for two.

One young actress, a blonde who plays foreign adventures, had got along quite well on her own merits, but decided, half-way through her last picture, that she wasn't getting the right camera angles. Very well; she would follow the supposed formula. She went places to dinner with the cameraman, flirted, let him take her to lunch, hinted that her left profile was the one her fans liked to see. It didn't work out at all. He fell so much in love with her that his hand trembled, and whenever she appeared on the screen in that picture the audience saw only a sort of blur. From now on she is going to be very, very cold to her bosses—particularly the cameramen.

\* \* \*

THE best gesture of the month comes from a writer who was brought out from New York by one of the big companies to work in the scenario department. Although he had a couple of best-sellers to his credit, he didn't please the studio and was dropped at the end of his three months' option. He got the pink envelope in the morning; that afternoon he went out and bought a Rolls-Royce.

The sequel is obvious. Other companies saw him driving around in the new car, thought he must be a good writer, and at the moment he is considering two or three excellent offers.

\* \* \*

A CERTAIN country place in California is known up and down the coast for the sheer luxury of its appointments. A titled Englishwoman, who stopped off near Hollywood while going around the world on her yacht, recently visited the estate. She admired everything, the herds of cattle roaming about, the banquet halls, the palatial guest houses, and she expressed her admiration in her bread-and-butter note afterwards. But although herself very rich, she doesn't go in for much pomp and display. "I still," she added in a postscript, "liked the animals best."



\* \* \*

THE actress whom every visiting author is brought to see, because she is supposed to be Hollywood's most intellectual woman, tells an amusing story on herself. Some time ago she went to Cuba, where the President's son took her out and showed her the country. They went everywhere to the tooting of official horns, while the natives touched forelocks along the roads. An admirer of hers back in New York was naturally piqued. His initials were

(Continued on page 73)





## EVEN FROM THE BACK

"The most different-looking girl on the screen"—that's what they're calling Jean Harlow now. And the platinum-blond hair and the clothes aren't the half of it. It's personality. Photographers will tell you she's the best model in Hollywood. When she stands in front of a camera, she **stands out**. You don't confuse Jean with anyone else. She ought to shine like a Kleig light in, "Queer People"

*Russell Ball*





*Richee*

Marlene hasn't been seen since "Dishonored"—but who's losing interest in the only girl who ever became a screen star overnight? She now is giving her attention to a picture called "The Man-Tamer," which sounds made-to-order for her. Did you know that she and Joan Crawford are each other's favorite actress—after Greta Garbo?

**MARLENE DIETRICH**





Bull

## LEWIS STONE

There probably isn't a man, woman or child in the movie-going millions who doesn't like Lewis Stone. He's the type of man who "wears well," in good pictures or bad, in strong rôles or weak ones. He's always in demand, and he's always at his ease, no matter what his part. He has an amusing one in "Strictly Dishonorable"





*Hal Phylfe*

Just let the word get around that Janet is playing another Cinderella rôle—and how the mobs battle to see her! The shy little redhead knows how to wring your heart—and break your box-office records. After "Merely Mary Ann" has a vacation in her own idea of Seventh Heaven—Hawaii—she will make (and be) "Delicious"

**JANET GAYNOR**





*Hal Phylfe*

## CHARLES FARRELL

Janet didn't lose many fans when she married—so Charlie thought he'd try it. And he didn't, either. The public just can't be persuaded that the male half of the screen's greatest love team isn't still romantic. Cape Cod Charlie is now making "Heartbreak" seem possible, after which he will woo (and win) Janet again in "Delicious"





*Bull*

## AS BUOYANT AS THE BALLOONS

It looks as if Conchita Montenegro is making a bit of whoopee all by herself—which isn't an old Spanish custom at all. But this soaring senorita just had to release some balloons, not to mention emotions. She's dancing on air to think she'll be the girl opposite Warner Baxter in "The Cisco Kid"





*Bull*

The boys had begun to think of Lillian Bond as a native—and Lillian was beginning to feel like one, herself—when along came a stage offer she couldn't resist. So back to Broadway she had to go, and sing and dance in "Free For All." And oh, the Hollywood hearts that will ache till she returns this fall

**IN NO MOOD  
FOR SINGING**





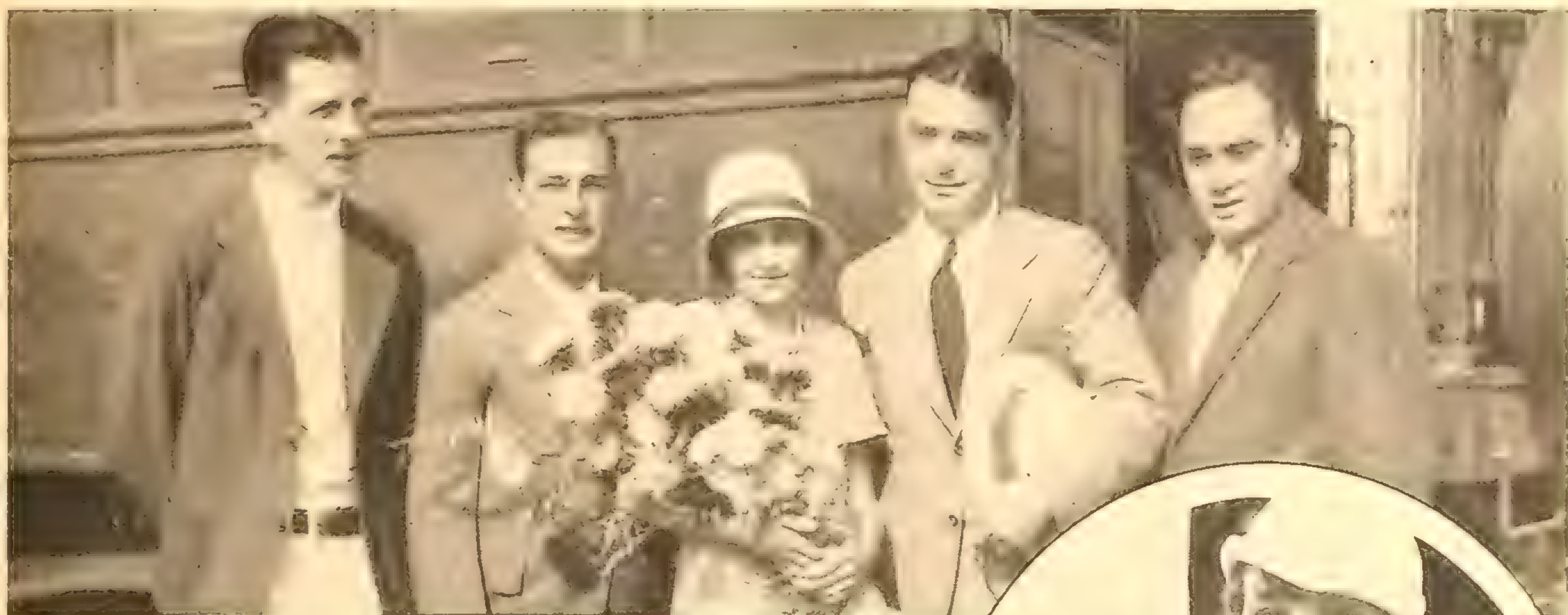
*Fryer*

Ziegfeld never makes a mistake—and Noel used to be in the "Follies." It took Hollywood, though, to give those eyes a real chance. Brought West to sing and dance, she stayed on to become a platinum blonde and act. She's the little temptress whose name you wanted to know after seeing "Smart Woman" and "Larceny Lane"

**NOEL FRANCIS**



♦ THE NEWSREEL OF THE NEWSSTANDS ♦



Keystone

The Four Horsemen ride again: Notre Dame's famous stars come to Hollywood to make a film as memorial to the late Knute Rockne, and are met by his widow (above). Left to right: Elmer Layden, Harry Struhldreher, Jim Crowley and Don Miller



Acme



Acme

Vivian Duncan (Mrs. Nils Asther) arrives in New York with daughter, Evelyn Rosetta, born in Germany. Immigration authorities claimed at first baby was an alien



Acme

Rita Royce Von Sternberg (above), divorced wife of director Josef Von Sternberg, has sued Marlene Dietrich for \$500,000, alleging alienation of her husband's affections. Marlene (with Von Sternberg at top) denies all, and her husband, Rudolf Sieber, will help her fight charges



Acme

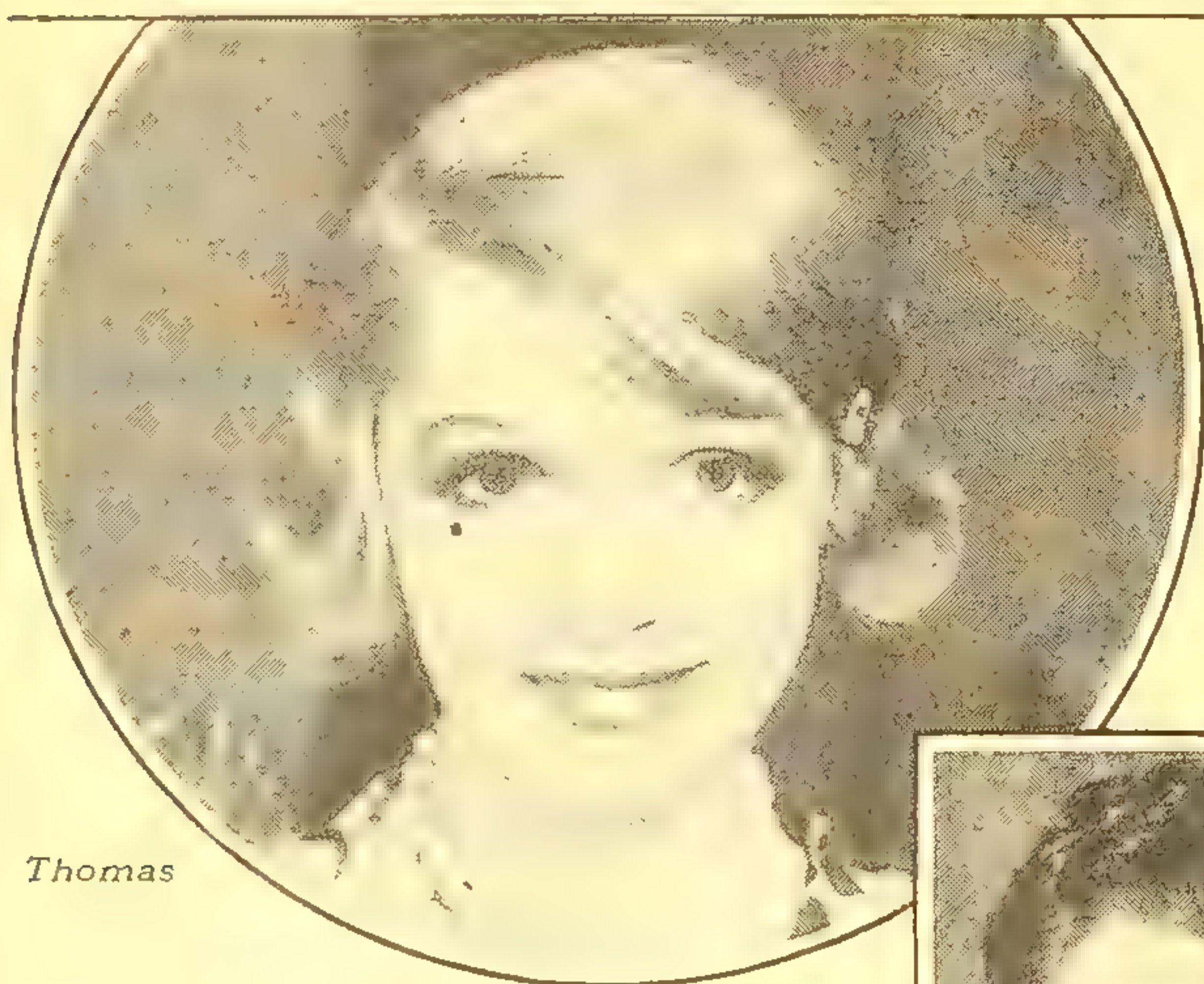
Ina Claire wins divorce from John Gilbert. See story, page 36



Keystone

Roscoe (Fatty) Arbuckle announces engagement to Addie McPhail, film actress





Thomas

# INA AND JOHN REACH PARTING OF THE WAYS

After Two Years Of Trying To Make A Go Of Marriage Ina Claire Divorces John Gilbert

By DOROTHY CALHOUN



After two years of married life John Gilbert and Ina Claire are now divorced. Both regret that they weren't suited to one another

FIVE months after she announced that she and John Gilbert had come to a parting of the ways, Ina Claire filed suit for a California divorce, on the grounds of cruelty and neglect. One of the "cruel" remarks that the complaint attributed to her husband was to the effect that Ina had "too much intellect" for him. She stated that a property settlement had been made and asked for no alimony.

An amazing document—this divorce complaint of Ina Claire. She is a proud person and a fiery one. But through its legal phrases (composed by a woman attorney), you see a woman who has forgotten pride for love. It speaks of her continual efforts to please Jack, it tells of letters in which she asked to come back to him, and adds, "during all this time she conducted herself as a loving and affectionate wife." Apparently, she made a sincere effort to make a success of the marriage that astonished Hollywood in May, 1929.

Hollywood knows Jack Gilbert—knows him for a unique personality, even in this town of vivid and colorful characters. He is volatile—morose and bitter one moment, gay the next. Hollywood women know Jack, know when to take him seriously and when not. But Ina Claire was a newcomer to Hollywood, and so she made the fatal mistake of attending a party with him on a Saturday evening.

When the newspapers announced that Ina Claire and John Gilbert were getting married in Las Vegas, Nevada, after an acquaintance of only a few days, at least a half-dozen women in the film colony were audibly amused. "Jack always proposes to some woman every Saturday night!" one of them said to me. "It's just his way—he is feeling in

a partyish mood. Things look rosy. Jack proposes. Why, he even, proposed to me not more than a month ago! I know at least three other women to whom he has proposed to Saturday

large crowd of cameramen and studio officials, which always means that a movie celebrity is arriving, curiously watched the smiling Ina step out onto the platform. They knew something that Ina apparently did not know. All the way across the continent she had been giving interviews, describing the fact that she and John were living apart as "a perfect experiment" in matrimony between two temperamental stars.

The thing that Ina didn't know was that Jack was playing tennis forty miles away at the moment, instead of being at the station to be photographed welcoming her with a kiss.

It was a bitterly hurt woman, not a famous star, who telephoned frantically for hours, trying to locate Jack. Not until she realized that his absence and silence were his message to her did she dictate a statement for the press, saying the separation was final.

Even then five months passed before she brought suit for divorce. One who worked with her in "Rebound" says that Ina would have gone back to Jack in a moment if he had said the word. But he did not say the word.

Jack offered no opposition to the divorce, though friends quote him as saying he was "sorry Ina felt she had to do this." Whenever he talks of her, he praises her to the skies. The clever Ina apparently seems cleverer to no one than she does to her second ex-husband, who has now experienced his third divorce.

It seems to be a case of mutual regret that they just weren't suited to one another—that they were both such individualists that a partnership was temperamentally impossible. Neither seems to regret their marriage half so much as their divorce.

day nights! We know he doesn't mean it. By the next morning he will probably have forgotten all about it."

If John's proposal to Ina was really of the Saturday-night kind, as Hollywood had it at the time, she has been a good sport about it ever since. Even her most intimate friends have never heard her complain. One who was in her confidence during the stormy months of her marriage reveals that Ina wished passionately for a child—perhaps because a child would hold a home together, perhaps because a child would be something belonging to Jack that she could keep. She must have known almost from the moment when a perspiring justice in Las Vegas pronounced them man and wife that she could not keep him.

Through "continual separations and slights," Ina Claire evidently clung to the hope that eventually her marriage with the turbulent screen lover might settle down into happiness—until the morning of last February 14, when the train from New York drew into the Los Angeles station. A



International

Jack and Ina were much in love with each other when they signed the marriage license in Las Vegas, Nev.



# WEDDING BELLS FOR CONNIE?

Constance Bennett and Marquis de la Falaise  
May Be Married When He Has Final Decree  
From Gloria Swanson In November

By CAROL BENTON

CONSTANCE BENNETT and the Marquis de la Falaise put one over. Before Hollywood knew that they had even revived their romance, much less left town together, they arrived in New York on the same train and sailed for Europe that evening on the same boat. Hollywood had had it all figured out that young and handsome Joel McCrea was the new thrill in Connie's momentous life.

The one person in Hollywood who wasn't surprised—but had every appearance of being relieved—was Joel McCrea, as he read that Connie had laughed heartily (if unflatteringly) at the idea that he and she were arm-in-arming it.

"The story," Miss Bennett was quoted as saying, "originated in the publicity department."

"What did I tell you?" asked Joel, with a triumphant grin. "I kept telling people that we were only friends. Why, Hank was always with us over at the lot when we were working. I knew all the time that they were still That Way."

When the train arrived in New

York that new s y morning, reporters spotted Connie first, and rushed up to her to ask her to comment on the fact that she and the Marquis had come in to town together. She di-

rected them down the platform, to where the Marquis was seeing about some luggage. The Marquis referred them back to Connie. But Connie had disappeared in the meantime.

Reporters again caught up with them, however, that evening when they sailed—and this time some of the news-getters stayed with Connie, and some with the Marquis. No more little tricks.

The Marquis was asked if he thought he would be spending part of his holiday abroad with Miss Bennett. Henri smiled. "What do you think?"

Connie was asked if she were contemplating another marriage. She veered away from the question, tried to dodge it, but the reporters kept coming back to it. Finally, she said, "I may have a statement to make November 7."

That satisfied the reporters. How could

she marry the Marquis before November 7, anyway? His divorce from the glorious Swanson will not be final until that date.

Before this news broke, it looked to outsiders as if all was over. After being seen constantly at premières, at the Embassy and at the Mayfair, Connie and Hank were suddenly never seen together at all. And as for the Bennett-McCrea attachment being just a publicity yarn—hadn't Connie and the suntanned Joel been observed sprawling on the beaches?

The secret seems to be that Connie was feeling far from well for weeks before undergoing an intestinal operation a few weeks ago. She just wasn't going to parties and premières. This also may explain her athletic activities with Joel. But it's just possible that she and Hank did have some sort of break.

A month before they sailed, a friend met the Marquis on the lot at Radio, smiling and apparently in the gayest of Gallic moods. "What's up, Hank?" he asked. "You look as if you had a new girl!"

"Non!" said the supervisor of all foreign versions for RKO. "Non, it is not that. I have my old girl back again."

It was that same week that Constance was told she must postpone her Paris holiday for an operation. "I'll have the operation," she told friends, "but I'll be on the same boat that Hank sails on—if I have to be carried aboard on a stretcher!"

Hollywood, still muttering about the nifty that Connie and Hank put over, insists that they haven't been together in public since one evening in early summer. That evening they were at the Mayfair, and Connie left the Marquis—as imperturbable and suave as ever—to dance with her new leading man, Joel McCrea. But Hollywood is wrong.

When "Bought!" was previewed, Connie was still supposed to be confined to bed, recuperating from the operation. But stragglers at the preview theater, after the second show had begun, saw a little blonde, moving feebly on crutches, being helped from an obscure seat by a handsome gentleman. They were none other than the Marquis de la Falaise and the most baffling of the Bennetts.

For Connie is baffling. Perhaps that is why she is not popular in Hollywood, where people are not expected to keep their affairs private.

Will Connie marry the Marquis? She won't tell. He won't tell. But Joel McCrea, the very-ex-boy-friend, believes she will—this fall.



When Connie and the Marquis sailed for Europe recently rumors were revived of an approaching marriage between them



Hollywood believed that Joel McCrea furnished the love interest for Constance Bennett. Both insist now they were only friends





# JUNE COLLYER ELOPES WITH STUART ERWIN

ACTRESS BECOMES BRIDE OF  
COMEDIAN AFTER ALL-NIGHT  
DRIVE TO YUMA, ARIZONA--  
COUPLE SURPRISE EVERYBODY



STUART  
ERWIN

JUNE  
COLLYER

By JEAN DORMAN

AT NINE o'clock in the evening of Tuesday, the twenty-first of July, June Collyer called up a friend to break a date for the next day.

"I might be out of town," she said. "It isn't quite decided."

At nine-thirty, she sat behind the wheel of Stuart Erwin's big new touring-car, which she has been driving around Hollywood for weeks, with "Stew" beside her and her two brothers, Richard and Clayton Heermance, in the seat behind. They were starting out on an all-night ride to Yuma, Arizona—the new Gretna Green for eloping movie couples—beyond the reach of California's three-days-for-decision law.

The next morning, she called up the same friend to tell her that she was Mrs. Stuart Erwin. "I'm the happiest girl in the world," she confided. "I've just called up Mother and Father long-distance and we have their blessing. We're going to sneak back to my house to pick up a few clothes for me and then run away for a honeymoon before Stew's new picture begins. We didn't know everybody would find us out in the first ten minutes or I'd have told you last night."

The temperature was one hundred and twenty in the shade at Yuma that morning.

The actress whom Baron de Rothschild once called the most beautiful woman in Hollywood—the girl whose dimples once led Prince George of England to overstay his leave from his ship and brought him a scolding from the King and Queen, the heroine of a hundred film romances—had found real-life romance in the person of a quiet college boy who is earning a modest salary (as movie salaries go) in comedian rôles. There is a persistent rumor, however, that June's new husband is on his way to

stardom—in the sort of thing that Jack Oakie used to do.

For the first time in her life, June—who has been best known as a sweet little girl with dimples—played an adventuress in "Alexander Hamilton." Insiders say that George Arliss, himself, coached her in the art of getting her man. Now Hollywood is saying, "He must know his coaching."

Dorothea Heermance had a Park Avenue home address—one of those high-hat apartment houses where it takes a social reference to get a lease. She led the life of a society debutante until chance—and her beauty—brought her to Hollywood as June Collyer (her mother's maiden name, so legend says). Friends say that her parents' ambitions for their daughter were probably given a severe jolt by her sudden choice of a husband.

For it was sudden. June Collyer has been rumored engaged to almost every eligible film bachelor, including Charles (Buddy Rogers, Jack Oakie and Russell Gleason. Before his second marriage, she was supposed to be in love with Richard Barthelmess. Last year Hollywood had her engaged to Fleishacker, the Stanford football hero and son of the millionaire. With Mary Brian, she was the choice of visiting college boys as hostess at dances. Of late, however, she had been willingly publicized as a "bachelor girl," boasting a cosy English-type home of her own.

Last winter, she was cast in "Dude Ranch" with Stuart Erwin. In the picture he was hardly a figure of romance, playing one of his usual dumb characters. But off the screen he must have made an immediate impression for Hollywood soon saw June and Stew together at the Friday-night fights, at premieres and supper-clubs—she smiling softly up at him, dimples in evidence, he looking down at her seriously, neither saying much.

It was a new thing for Stuart Erwin to go about socially. People called him unfriendly because, as Stew explained, he "didn't like to be awakened at four o'clock in the morning by a crowd of saps, looking for a place to park and raise whoopee." He lived sometimes by himself in a tiny apartment, sometimes with his father and mother.

He had never rushed a girl before, even at the University of California.

When June Collyer, a devout Catholic, was married by a justice of the peace instead of a priest, she did what Loretta Young did a year ago, in marrying Grant Withers. But June is a woman of twenty-four. She has known the admiration of men of wealth and position and title, and she has chosen to marry for Love.

The girl from Park Avenue and the boy from Squaw Valley will probably live in her ex-bachelor-girl house—at least, until they can build a honeymoon house. And June intends to continue on the screen and stay happily married at the same time.



When Prince George of England visited Hollywood a few seasons ago he favored June Collyer. The girl who could charm the Prince is good enough for Stuart Erwin



# FAMOUS BEAUTY OF SILENT SCREEN SEEKS DIVORCE

Katherine MacDonald, Once Known As "The American Beauty," Wants Freedom From Millionaire Husband

By MARY DICKSON

**U**NFORTUNATELY for Katherine MacDonald, known in the silent days as "The American Beauty," real life is neither a movie plot nor a novel.

According to the movies and the novelists, beautiful women are expected to marry millionaires and live happily ever after. Diamonds and pearls and orchids and limousines and country estates are all woven into the background of the fate of a Beauty—at least, that is what plainer women believe.

The former great beauty of the screen and favorite actress of Woodrow Wilson married her proverbial millionaire. The diamonds, limousines and estates were all hers. **BUT—**

Katherine MacDonald has brought divorce proceedings against her socially prominent husband, Christian H. Holmes of Montecito, California, on the charges that Holmes threatened her and whipped her with a snake-skin cane.

At the time Katherine MacDonald Holmes gave this sensational story to the press, she was lying in a hospital in Santa Barbara, recovering from a fractured shoulder. She alleged that the fracture was sustained in a fall as she attempted to flee from Holmes.

According to her story her trouble with her husband—who is a nephew of Max Fleischman, the yeast "king"—began soon after their marriage three years ago. Miss MacDonald had been retired from the screen several years at the time of her marriage and in that time she had been devoting herself to the manufacture of beauty articles. Holmes, it is said, was not in sympathy with his wife's pro-

fessional or business career. When she came as a bride to his magnificent Featherhill estate, she retired to private life—a "privacy" that ended in a burst of headline material far more sensational than her career had ever evoked.

Katherine MacDonald states that it is only in the past year that Holmes's cruelty developed into physical danger to herself. The climax approached, she charges, on the evening of April 20, 1931. About ten o'clock that evening, she relates, she suggested to her husband that they retire, whereupon she went to her own room. For reasons unknown to her, Holmes flew into an uncontrollable rage, and made several threatening gestures, she says. She claims she was forced to climb out a window and take refuge in their eighteen-months-old daughter's nursery.

But her husband's rage was not the only phase of his temperament that she had to fear, she further alleges. On another occasion, she charges, he called to her: "Come here, darling." Believing him to be in an affectionate and friendly mood, she continues, she advanced toward him. Unexpectedly,



Katherine MacDonald, who retired from the screen several years ago, was the favorite actress of Woodrow Wilson

he raised a snake-skin walking cane in his hand, threw her to the floor, and beat her severely with the stick about the legs and thighs.

On another occasion, she claims, her husband grasped her hand, pressed a burning cigarette into the skin until it was seared, then struck her when she cried out.

"I can no longer stand such cruelty," she says. "I do not believe my life, nor my child's, to be safe under that roof."

In her divorce complaint she asked custody of their child, five thousand dollars temporary alimony and a share of his estate, valued at one and a half million dollars.

In a cross-complaint denying the charges, Holmes states that it was his wife who exhibited the ungovernable and dangerous temper. According to his counter-charge, his wife treated his friends with "great discourtesy," causing him "extreme shame, humiliation and impairment of health."

It is up to the California courts to choose between their stories.

Whatever the verdict, to the world at large this is a disillusioning end of a legend that has for years had the makings of popular romance—the proverbial yarn of Beauty and the millionaire!

Such a legend has inspired novelists, songwriters and playwrights and made millionaires of them.



International Newsreel

Christian H. Holmes, wealthy and socially prominent husband of Katherine MacDonald, is a polo enthusiast



# WILL CARMEN PANTAGES WED JOHN CONSIDINE, JR.?

ALL HOLLYWOOD WONDERS WHETHER CARMEN PANTAGES OR JOAN BENNETT WILL BE FILM EXECUTIVE'S BRIDE

AT THE moment all Hollywood is wondering which girl will be Mrs. John Considine, Jr.—Carmen Pantages, to whom he was once engaged, or Joan Bennett, who, rumor whispers, has already had two wedding gowns made, only to lay them aside because they went out of style before they were needed. Although Carmen can't play a game of tennis without being interrupted to answer John's phone calls, still it was Joan over whom Considine and John Gilbert are said to have had words recently. "He divides his time between them," says Hollywood.

An intense drama is being played in Hollywood to-day, with Carmen Pantages the heroine; with the film colony the audience. Fate handed this young girl the difficult rôle of innocent bystander in a family tragedy. She is playing it superbly.

She was happily preparing to marry John Considine, Jr., brilliant young film executive, when a bomb-shell exploded with shouts of "Extra! Extra!" Mrs. Alexander Pantages, wife of the multi-millionaire showman and mother of Carmen, was involved. There had been a serious motor mishap—a man had been killed.

Weeks of court procedure kept Carmen at her mother's side, sharing anxious hours in a crowded courtroom. "Guilty of manslaughter" was the verdict, sentence was pronounced, a long parole was granted.



Duncan

Above, Carmen Pantages, who is rumored to have the inside track to the heart of John Considine Jr., right, prominent film executive



Spurr

Before Carmen had readjusted herself and could recover from a series of sordid episodes for which she had not been prepared, again came shrill cries of newsboys. Her father had been made the central figure of an unsavory scandal.

was the actress. She said nothing and would not allow Considine to make any public explanation of what had happened.

Then, when friends were gradually getting her to accept more social invitations her father was again brought into court in the world-famous San Diego "love-mart" case. Carmen spent most of her time commuting between the Pantages mansion in Los Angeles and a San Diego hotel where Mrs. Pantages was residing during the recent trial, which ended in a jury disagreement.

She explains her course very simply. "I knew I had something to face for someone I loved—there was only one course to take. To-day I feel almost beyond pain—I've endured so much. There's a time when you just can't suffer any more."

Why did she break her engagement?

"I felt my parents needed me. How could I think of establishing another home under such conditions? I did what I knew was right. Johnnie has been a wonderful friend, standing close at all times." There is a rumor that the broken engagement may soon be renewed, but she refused to confirm it. She only smiled.

"I found out one thing—I know my real friends now. They have been loyal. Others have talked. That is one of the things that made me very self-conscious. When I went out, I had that awful feeling that people were saying, 'There she is'—spreading all sorts of stories about my troubles. My friends have been perfectly wonderful. Marion Davies, particularly."

Alexander and Lois Pantages, while they may have incurred notoriety in the eyes of the world, have not failed in commanding a loyalty and love from their children and especially from this young girl. In the first flush of her debutante triumphs, she has been placed in a position where she could readily be excused for any resentment she might display—and she has not displayed any. She has been game. And maybe John Considine, Jr., thinks so, too.

Again Carmen faced unwelcome limelight with tremendous poise. Again she sat beside a parent—this time her father. Again she faced a barrage of cameras but the world never saw for one moment the turmoil and suffering this young, sensitive girl was enduring.

There was a moment when Carmen faced a tremendous crisis. Either she had to be submerged by the notoriety that engulfed the Pantages name or rise courageously above it all. She chose the latter.

As soon as she realized the responsibilities that were being crowded onto her shoulders, she broke her engagement. This caused more gossip in the colony. And again Carmen

BY HARRY D. WILSON



# STAR LEAPS IN FOUNTAIN AND NEARLY GOES TO JAIL

FIFI DORSAY WENT BATHING IN HEART OF INDIANAPOLIS—BUT ARREST WAS "BEEG MEESTAKE"

By DOROTHEA CARTWRIGHT

FIFI DORSAY nearly went to jail less than an hour after she arrived in Indianapolis for a week of Public appearances. But it was just one beeg meestake!

It all began in Louisville, where she was met by a newspaperman Mr. Callabar, manager of the Lyric Theater in Indianapolis, who brought her by plane to the Hoosier capital. During the journey, her escorts unfolded their plan for what might be the most spectacular of Fifi's many publicity escapades.

At the Indianapolis airport a fire truck was waiting to convey Fifi to the Lincoln Hotel, where she was to make her headquarters. As they clanged toward the majestic Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument in the heart of the city, Fifi spied the cascades of water tumbling into fountains on two sides of it. She suddenly halted her startling equipage and with a shriek of delight dashed to the nearest pool.

Acting on one of those well-planned little impulses, she peeled off her blue-figured white crepe dress and white sport hat, kicked off her slippers, and—"accidentally" clad in a very lavender bathing-suit—jumped into the water for a swim! She never, never dreamed that a half-dozen newspaper reporters and photographers might be mixed in with the hundreds of persons who jammed the streets for a glimpse of Hollywood at its sprightliest.

It "just happened," too, that one Mr. McCarty, probably the handsomest motorcycle policeman on the Indianapolis force, was the one who dashed up at his proper cue. He ordered Fifi out in his stern way, and started to arrest her for blocking traffic. He unkindly remarked at the same time that she was liable to a five-hundred dollar fine and thirty days in the local bastille!

Badly scared, Fifi volubly explained in very broken English just

who she was. Officer McCarty, well-coached in his dialogue, popped back right smartly with, "Tell that to the judge!"

Opportunely, the theater manager suddenly appeared in the rôle of savior, made explanations, accepted a summons, and carted Fifi off to



Fifi, arriving in Indianapolis for a week of personal appearances, was being taken to her hotel on a fire truck when she decided to plunge into the fountain



Left, Officer McCarty, of Indianapolis police force, takes Fifi in custody for obstructing traffic at the Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument (in background)

Courtesy of Indianapolis Star

her hotel to await the second act of the little off-stage comedy.

Fade-in on Room 3 of the Police Court that afternoon, with mobs battling for an eyeful. The stage was all set. Up stepped a French lawyer with Fifi who was clad in nifty brown-and-white and was well-decorated with her inevitable scarlet lipstick. A solemn judge presided. The Prosecutor called Fifi's name, and stated her crime. Judge Cameron demanded sternly what defense she had to offer.

Laughing heartily, Fifi answered in

her rapid, broken English, "Pleese excuse eet, Judge! Eet is all so ver-ry funny. Ne-vaire have I been arres' before, an' eet make me laugh all the time!"

Trying to hide the amused twitching of his mouth, the judge sonorous-ly reminded her that she had more than committed a technical offence—she had outraged the Monument, so sacred to Hoosier hearts. It stands majestically in the

exact center of the city, and the streets are laid radially from it. It has one of those very solemn histories. Dedications and other public demonstrations are conducted in its august shadow—but never, never public bathing à la Fifi!

She listened with mischievous attention. "But *that* I did not know," she protested at last. "I am all-so-stranger here. The day she is so hot, an' the water look so cool—well, so in I had to jump—jus' like that!"

The judge laughed in spite of himself. "I guess you didn't do much harm," he said. "The charges are dismissed."

And so, amid a cheering throng, our Fifi departed.

That's the combined story of Fifi, Mr. Callabar, the handsome officer, and a few reporters. But in telling her version, Fifi insists on one point: She knew it was all a publicity stunt, yes; and she thought it sounded good, indeed. But the one detail her publicity man forgot to mention was the fact that she was to be arrested!

Which was just too bad for—the publicity man.



By AUDREY RIVERS

Sylvia keeps in trim with her own set of calisthenics



# FAMOUS MASSEUSE DENIES SHE HAS OFFENDED STARS

SYLVIA ULBECK TOLD ON PLAYERS WHOSE WEIGHT SHE HAS REDUCED—"ALL IN FUN," HER VERSION

THAT'S her job, of course—slapping the stars. "Getting the lard off 'em," Sylvia puts it with startling frankness. Most of the biggest stars—in point of fame you understand, not poundage—have been under Sylvia's strong, magic-working hands at one time or another. Her walls are lined with photographs of Beauteous Ladies, affectionately and gratefully inscribed to her.

But these ladies aren't affectionate any longer. Some of them, anyway. Because they have been reading what Sylvia had to say about them and their waist measures, their appetites and their caloric crimes in a series of startling articles in a widely-read weekly. The ones who haven't already read about themselves have been trembling for fear of what Sylvia might say next. For nobody has kept any secrets from Sylvia.

And now she has told what she knows for a sum that is variously reported anywhere from fourteen to twenty-two thousand dollars. "That's backslapping in Hollywood at its worst," some wisecracker has put it.

"Nobody—*nobody* will ever go to her again!" emphatically declares Hedda Hopper, who claims the distinction of having introduced Sylvia to Hollywood—and fame and fortune. She was, says Hedda, a struggling little foreign masseuse before Hedda

broadcast her powers, as a result of which Sylvia was hired at the princely salary of twenty thousand a year to look after the figures of Pathé stars. Hedda is particularly wroth at what Sylvia had to tell about Marie Dressler and Ina Claire, Hedda's buddies.

"She can't live forever on what they paid her for her articles. After she has spent it, what then?" says another irate star. "She's *through* in Hollywood absolutely! In fact, she isn't *in* Hollywood any longer. She is in New York. She hasn't dared to

stay and face the people she has been writing about!"

We called the telephone number of Sylvia Ulbeck—WHitley 1813—and a cheery voice with a strong Swedish accent answered.

"Me in New York, darling? How can that be when I'm here pounding Vicki Baum this minute? You tell everybody for me: Sylvia she doesn't run away from anything! I am of a race that doesn't run. If anybody has anything to say to me, I'm here. If they want to give me a sock on the jaw, they can find me right where I've always been, and busy, too, thank God! I've never been busier. I got grand ladies now—Dolores Del Rio and Estelle Taylor and Sidney Fox and like that.

"You say three stars have called their lawyers about suing me? It's the first I heard about it! Listen why should anybody be angry about what I write about them? I got a letter right here from a professor at Berkeley. He says, 'Your articles are fresh and charming and touch a new note.'

"See, here is a grand letter. From Dorothy Mackaill who isn't mad at me for writing about her. She says, 'Dear Sylvia, thanks for the swell boost you gave me. I adore you. Dorothy.' Madame Jeritza, too, who was in one of my articles, she writes me, 'Sylvia, you are a clever woman and a good guy.' Mary Duncan got a great laugh, reading what I said about her. But Mary is one of the good sports.

"No, no, darling. You tell everybody Sylvia is right here in Hollywood to stay. And doing business as usual, thank God!

Listen! If I told *all* I know about some of these stars, it would be different, but the little things I tell—pooh! They are only funny, not bad!"

Perhaps nothing that has happened in Hollywood in recent months has caused the stir that Sylvia Ulbeck's revelations have produced. Little else is talked of at parties or over luncheon tables.



At the left Sylvia demonstrates to Ann Harding how she keeps the stars looking beautiful, while, below, she demonstrates the slenderizing process to Mary Lewis





# LOOKING THEM OVER

GOSSIP FROM THE WEST COAST

By Dorothy Manners

**CLARK GABLE** has them fluttering hard in Hollywood, too. Joan Crawford comes right out and admits that she wouldn't mind if the stalwart Gable supported her in every picture she makes. Alice White is "just crazy" to meet him. Even got-'em-guessing-Garbo is not immune to the Gable presence in her new picture.

But the big surprise is the enthusiasm displayed by little Janet Gaynor.

"I knew him **WHEN**," she boasted at a recent party where Gable and his shoulders were the subject of discussion. "We used to work 'extra' together out at the Roach studio. He drove a big, blue car and once he gave me a ride back to Hollywood after I had missed my trolley. Do you suppose," asked Janet with big, wide eyes, "that if I met him now, he would remember *me*?"

**FRANCES DEE** and Howard Hughes are stepping out together since Hughes went into freelance social activity after his Billie Dove romance.

Lillian Bond is another girl whose name has been linked with the leading Catch of Hollywood. When asked if their interest in one another was serious, Lillian is quoted as saying: "Gee, I wish it were!"

It was Frances Dee, however, who helped Howard receive his guests aboard his big yacht recently when the Texas millionaire threw a cruising party for twenty young folk. It was not a Hollywood crowd. Most of them were young men and "debs" from the Los Angeles social world.

**NOW** it's Dorothy Lee and Joel McCrea you keep hearing about.

The former wife of Jimmy Fidler and the former boyfriend of Constance Bennett are at that stage of dreamily gazing into each other's eyes while dancing—and holding hands while dining.

The day Dorothy got her divorce



*C. S. Bull*  
This is how Jackie Cooper wheedles ice cream cones from Louis B. Mayer. He's about to be *Skippy* again in "Sooky"



*Hal Phyfe*  
Mae Marsh has been off the screen thirteen years, but that doesn't make her *this* old. It's her make-up for "Over the Hill"



*Ray Jones*

When the late hot wave struck California (yes, it did!) Mae Clarke kept cool by parking in front of a breezy fan

from Jimmy, she and Joel stepped up to the Roosevelt Roof. What did Dorothy wear? Well, she seemed to be completely wrapped up in Joel.

They make a cute, collegiate-looking couple, even though Dorothy does strike the tall Joel just about the knee caps.

**WHILE** Constance Bennett is vacationing in Europe, her best girl-friend in Hollywood, Eileen Percy, is living at her beach house. Eileen, by the way, is making a comeback in "Wicked"—as is Mae Busch.

**JOAN CRAWFORD** has not used face powder for several years. It was Joan, you know, who started the suntanned, oily skin fad. But a few days ago Joan showed up at the studio wearing a nice coating of dark powder across her nose. It was so becoming that Joan has taken up the powder puff practice again. She is also darkening her new blonde hair just the least bit.



# NEWS AND VIEWS OF



Dyar

William (Stage) Boyd isn't smiling away rumors that Paramount is building him into a star. In fact, he's happy to admit it

SAW Billie Dove dining with a girl-friend the other evening at the Beverly-Wilshire. Billie was in all-white and for some reason or other looked like a sad angel. Since her Howard Hughes romance struck a snag, Billie has not been stepping out in public with other gentlemen. We've seen her three times—and each time with another girl.

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, Jr., who was chubby several months ago, has lost so much weight that he is giving Bob Montgomery a run for beanpole honors. Some people think Doug is too thin, the old meanies.

THERE has been some talk that Loretta Young and Ricardo Cortez are That Way about each other. And it's true that Loretta and Ric have lunched together a couple of times at the Brown Derby.

But usually when we see Ricardo stepping out in the evening, he is accompanied by a pretty society girl (these gals from the social register are playing havoc with our most eligible young men).

Saw Larry Gray dining the other evening at the Cocoanut Grove with Peggy Morrow, who is pretty enough to be a movie actress, but is content with the reputation of being the prettiest débutante in Los Angeles.

MAE CLARKE has joined the Thaliens (film folks' club) and the fact that Henry Freulich is a member is said to have had something definite to do with it.

As soon as her divorce from Lew Brice becomes final, the folks are expecting Mae to become Mrs. Freulich out of studio hours. Mae is one girl Hollywood is pulling for. She hasn't had an awful lot of fun out of life. Maybe it's her turn.

SALLY C'NEIL and Lewis Milestone, of the "All Quiet on the Western Front" and "Front Page" Milestones, are hitting it off nicely.

Directors have always seemed to be a weakness with Sally.

When Blanche Sweet divorced Marshall Neilan, Sally and Mickey were expected to step into matrimony.

But now Milestone appears to be holding Sally's Irish interest and Mickey is definitely out of the picture.

Sally's sister, Molly O'day, who is also much thinner, is also hiking along the road to romance again. Her companion is James Dunn, the sensation of "Bad Girl."

THE former home of John McCormick and Colleen Moore has gone on the market at the asking price of three hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars. As Al Jolson remarked, "That is 'some' asking."



Fryer

Just as a matter of form, Marian Marsh gives you an idea of why Cleopatra was a queen. The black locks don't belong to Marian



George Dur-yea became Tom Keene—and now they're saying he has a Keene future

JOHN GILBERT has two more pictures to make for M-G-M.

With their completion there is a possibility that he will no longer be an M-G-M figure.

It is said that there has been a disagreement, brought about when Jack refused to take a salary cut.

Clark Gable may step into the starring niche Jack may leave vacant.



Fryer

Do you like your comédiennes blonde or brunette? Or can't you decide—with Joan Blondell and Lillian Bond both looking you in the eye?



# HOLLYWOOD TODAY

**NORMA SHEARER** is back in Hollywood after a three-months' vacation in Europe—and what smart clothes our Norma is wearing!

She alighted from the train in Pasadena (Hollywood has no railroad station) wearing a stunning black-and-white print dress, two silver fox furs adorned with an orchid corsage, a very tricky three-cornered hat of black, and an enormous black handbag.

Norma and Irving Thalberg have rented one of Bebe Daniels' beach houses until their own is completed.

It's just one vacation after another for some folks. But Norma, they say, is going to do Eugene O'Neill's "Strange Interlude"—and *that* won't be any vacation!

**OLD** Dame Rumor can step up and take a bow on the news of the separation of the Lawrence Tibbetts.

For some time it has been whispered around that all was not well in the home of the opera-movie-star and his wife. When Mrs. Tibbett went to Europe last year, it was expected she would file a suit for divorce in Paris—but the actual break-up did not come until Larry arrived in Hollywood just recently.

Mrs. Tibbett says there is no other woman—and that Hollywood is not particularly to blame. "Too much success in any field does not



George O'Brien is a hombre you want to watch in the talkie version of "Riders of the Purple Sage"



Dyar

The Orientals also know a thing or two about holding hands. At least, this is the way Anna May Wong looks in "Daughter of the Dragon"

Jack Oakie in white duck beach pants and an old sweater dropping into a picture show to see "Night Nurse."

All the ushers greeting him with: "Hello, Jack."

**FRANK FAY** is just a little "burned" over these stories that it is his "selfishness" that is taking Barbara Stanwyck away from the screen. Frank says his return to New York had nothing to do with his wife's contract troubles.

But Hollywood, which insists on being romantic about the affair, says Barbara is using "contract difficulties" merely as a good excuse to do what she wants to do—follow Frank to the Big Town.

**THE** birth of Bebe Daniels' baby may revive the famous "Act-of-God" case that caused such an uproar when Helen Hayes left the cast of "Coquette" for the birth of her baby.

Both Bebe and Warner Brothers, to whom she is contracted, deny there is any difficulty over Bebe's "time out" from studio work. But the newspapers keep the story alive that there is a clause in the contract stating that if the player is not able to report for work for several

(Continued on page 64)



Kornman

Ken Maynard goes in for action pictures even if in front of a "still" camera. He makes work out of a game of tennis—and keeps fit

seem to mix so well with domestic life" is her reason for her suit, based on incompatibility.

**SEEN and Heard:**

Anna May Wong, in a stunning pair of Chinese lounging pajamas, entertaining at tea.

Marlene Dietrich entertaining her small daughter, Maria, at luncheon in her dressing-room.

Lawrence Tibbett and John Miljan planning a vacation trip to the desert together.

Gary Cooper's father introducing himself to Miriam Hopkins on the Paramount lot and telling her how much he enjoyed her work in "The Smiling Lieutenant."



Evalyn Knapp sprained her back, but it's now healing—which means that the brunette will soon be back to rival blonde Marian Marsh (right)



# TAKING IN

## LARRY REID'S SLANT

**MERELY MARY ANN** This picture was intended as a test. If Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell—both married now—still made the fans sigh for them, they would continue to star together. They couldn't have had a more likely vehicle for the crucial test. Janet again is a little slavey, slaving away in a cheap boarding-house where Charlie is starving away as a struggling young composer. Together they dream of someday being rich, when Janet suddenly becomes an heiress. Left alone, Charlie pours his love into his music and writes a great opera—and Janet, of course, attends the triumphant opening. It's sentimental romance from start to finish—but what more would you ask from Janet and Charlie? Even the music satisfies, and Beryl Mercer delights as the landlady.

**THE ROAD TO SINGAPORE** This is William Powell's first picture for Warner Brothers and one of his best in many a moon. The secret is: he has a chance to be emotional. He sheds his dress clothes and becomes real. He sheds his suavity and becomes human. And he gets away from night-clubs and boudoirs into a new setting. On a ship that is taking him back to his plantation in the South Seas, he meets Doris Kenyon, who is on her way back to her husband, a doctor in the Orient. It is a novelty to see Powell so much in love that he will even resort to trickery in an effort to win her. When she later returns to him, and he asks her to be sure of the step she is taking, he is less convincing. But all in all, the story packs a punch.

**HUCKLEBERRY FINN** Like "Skippy," this is rare entertainment. It has Something that will appeal to everyone. Like "Skippy," also, it was directed by Norman Taurog—which may explain matters. And the fact that it sticks closely to the original story by Mark Twain is another thing in its favor. It is even better than "Tom Sawyer"; it has more humor, more drama, more color. The cast is practically the same, with Junior Durkin playing *Huck*; Jackie Coogan, *Tom*; Jackie Searl, "*Cry Baby*" *Sidney Sawyer*; and Mitzi Green, *Becky Thatcher*. As before, first honors go to Junior, who is more real than any of the others—as Eugene Pallette, who drifts down the Mississippi with the boys, is the most believable grown-up.

**THE STAR WITNESS** At last—a picture that gives a thought to how gangland might touch you—and you—and you. And excellent entertainment it is. Seven members of a typical American family unwillingly witness a gangland slaying, later willingly identify the murderer from Rogues' Gallery portraits. The gangsters first torture the father, then kidnap his little boy to silence the family. All are silenced except Grandpa, a Grand Army vet, who's still an old war-horse—a rôle played for all it is worth by Chic Sale (of "Specialist" renown). His performance overtops that of Walter Huston, billed above him, but more or less "stuck" with another District Attorney rôle. Grant Mitchell and Frances Starr are quietly true-to-life as the frightened parents.





# THE TALKIES

## ON THE LATEST FILMS

Theodore Dreiser tried to prevent the showing of "An American Tragedy," claiming that the present film version could not compare with his literary effort. The courts turned him down, but Mr. Dreiser was not so far wrong. Practically all of the material in the first volume of the two-volume novel is omitted, thus destroying the tragic motivation for what follows. However, director Von Sternberg has done well with the super-sexed material remaining—particularly the courtroom scene. Phillips Holmes is rather colorless as the weakling hero; Sylvia Sidney is appealing as the tortured *Roberta*; Frances Dee is an attractive *Sondra*. But the best acting is done by Irving Pichel, as the ambitious prosecutor.

### AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY

"Bad Girl," as a novel, was a best-seller because it was brutally frank. The picture will be a hit for entirely different reasons. It's the best transcription of Young Love that the talkies have produced. The story, you remember, revolves around a couple of city youngsters who fall terribly in love, marry in haste, and soon learn that they are about to have a child—which each thinks the other does not want. Without getting clinical about childbirth (as the novel did), the picture traces their route through a series of misunderstandings to eventual happiness—and a highly interesting route it is. Sally Eilers, becoming a better actress with every picture, is the girl, and James Dunn—a newcomer you want to watch—is the boy. Frank ("Seventh Heaven") Borzage directed.

### BAD GIRL

Years ago, someone wrote a story about race horses and their followers and producers have abided by the original model ever since. "Sporting Blood" also follows the familiar formula, but if you don't go prepared, you're likely to have a good time. The career of the beautiful horse, which captures the attention of sportsmen and crooks alike, is well worth watching. For one thing, Clark Gable is the lad who thickens the plot, playing the rôle of a gambler who dupes his friends and dopes race-horses. You wouldn't think even Gable could do much with such a part, but he does. Madge Evans, the child star who grew up to be a talented adult, is a satisfying heroine. And the actual race scenes are much more exciting than any newsreel.

### SPORTING BLOOD

"The Great Lover" fits Adolphe Menjou like one of his own tailored suits. At bottom, it is the sort of picture that he used to do in silent days—but he never did it like this before. In fact, he almost seems to be making sly fun of the old-time Menjou. He has never been more amusing than as the dandified opera star who labors under the illusion that he has a power over women. In addition, he is given excellent support by such capable players as Neil Hamilton, as his most dangerous rival; Irene Dunne, as the woman who captures him; Baclanova and Lillian Bond as two would-be sirens; and Ernest Torrence and Cliff Edwards in character rôles. The "opera" music that breaks into the story does not seem to retard it one bit.

### THE GREAT LOVER





# I Hope to Marry Again

Says Ronald Colman, who doesn't expect to find a wife in Hollywood—and who also claims he's no mystery man

By FAITH SERVICE

**I** BELIEVE that marriage is out-of-date to-day," said Ronald Colman. "But until some substitute is found, it must go on—and should go on. By 'marriage' I mean a home and children. I should like to have children—and the right kind of marriage. I doubt that the right kind can be found in Hollywood. Most of the movie marriages are absurd—a mere waste of the ministers' time.

"If ever I am a divorced man, I shall hope to marry again. If I am not divorced sometime within the next ten years or so, I shall retire from the screen and live a life of sin. And, again, I may not. I should not care to have sinners for neighbors. An unpleasant lot—"

Ronald Colman—one of the hardest men in the world to approach—was not "confessing" or trying to shock anybody. He was dead in earnest. He was telling things that he has been thinking—but not saying—for a long time, mostly about himself, Ronald Colman in person.

It all came out during an inquiry to discover if he is—or is not—a Man of Mystery. He is not. Emphatically not.

This cool, poised Englishman who mystifies most of Hollywood—particularly the feminine contingent—blames the Mystery-Man "myth" on the movie town's urge to find a tag for every personality. Clara Bow is "The It Girl." Garbo is "The Sphinx." Chaney was "The Man of a Thousand Faces." Valentino was "The Great Lover." And he, alas, is "The Mystery-Man"—when he isn't being "The Woman-Hater" or "The Hermit."

"The title was born in the publicity department, of course. Great stuff. 'Selling your personality,' and all that. I forget just how it started, or why. I think they used the 'Man of Mystery' line to tie up with some character I was playing. 'Man of Mystery'—he has been following me ever since."

Well, he doesn't seem to crave the limelight, exactly. The Man-of-Mystery gag must be a protection at times.

Ronald Colman says most of the movie marriages are absurd—a waste of the ministers' time

Alexander



"Not altogether. People resent that sort of stuff—too much of it. The reaction is, 'Who is this fellow to strut about as a Man of Mystery? It sounds high-falutin' and pretentious.' I am neither of those unpleasant things, I hope."

What is he then? What is his own estimate of himself?

That was a poser. Ronald paused, rubbed his chin with the back of his hand, and looked slightly embarrassed and slightly amused, thinking himself over.

"It's hard to say. I suppose I am a cross between a business man and an actor—rather evenly balanced. With a dash of the beauty-lover thrown in. I must be an actor, or I wouldn't have stuck to it for ten years and more. Perhaps there is something in heredity."

(Ronald is descended from the historic Colmans, father and son, who were playwrights and theatrical producers in Eighteenth Century England.)

"I was trained for engineering. I didn't stick to the training. I was doing well as a stage juvenile when the War broke out. It just happened that I turned to the stage instead of, say, chain grocery stores. Instinct, I suppose you'd call it. Or emotionalism.

"I am a business man because I care about the substantial, commercial value of my wares. I am enormously interested in the actual work of selling them. I am not interested in the details that have to be taken care of off the set—the publicity demands, for instance. It takes love of your work to give a half-hour a day to the actual doing of it and the rest of the time to the necessary, but distasteful side-lines.

"I believe that I have a dash of the beauty-lover in me because I care about books and music and funny things like sunsets and the sea—"

## No Great Ambition

**W**HAT, if anything, is his great ambition?

"Oh, I think the War did away with that. It set me drifting aimlessly. More a lack of direction than a lack of caring. One day I think that I shall be a writer. The next day, I think I do not care very much about authorship and perhaps I had better go back to the stage. The day after that, I change my mind and decide upon a life of travel."

Does he really dodge publicity, avoid meeting people, shun premières and parties and all the carnival life of dear old Hollywood—or is that just a publicity myth, too?

"I object to most publicity. I have a fondness for dignity. I know that publicity is necessary to us actors, of course. When I was on the stage, beginning, I was told

(Continued on page 70)





Autrey

## MAID OUT OF WHOLE CLOTH

It's silks and satins for Rosalie Roy from now on. This little redhead from Texas came to the movie town to become an extra—and has become a featured player, instead. The thousands of other girls who will wonder how she did it will have a chance to see in "She Wanted a Millionaire"—her third picture



## JOAN BENNETT HAS REASON FOR THAT PLAINTIVE LOOK

Just as critics were saying she had done the best acting of her career in "Hush Money," and just as she was starting "She Wanted a Millionaire," Joan Bennett fell from a horse and fractured a hip. She will not be able to work again for weeks, perhaps months. But John Considine, Jr., who seems to favor first Joan and then Carmen Pantages, is now devoting his time to the invalid Joan. None of her admirers and friends can resist her plaintive appeal



*Hal Phyle*





# GRETA NISSEN— THE VIKING VIXEN

But don't let her hear you calling her Swedish. This Greta will have you know she's Norwegian. In any case, she's a natural blonde and a natural attraction. She was a star in silents — and she's on her way to stardom in talkies, after three years away from Hollywood. Did you know that she designs her own clothes, wears no make-up off the screen, and is reported to bob her own hair?



*Portraits  
by Hal Phylfe*



In her first two talkies, Greta was given rôles that made allowance for her accent. But she's keeping strictly to herself, studying those English lessons, as well as avoiding all engagement rumors. So it won't be long before she has an American part—particularly after playing opposite such an All-American as Will Rogers in "The Ambassador from the U. S."





Hurrell

## BOB MONTGOMERY TAKES IT EASY NOW

He had to work hard to get where he is— but now Bob can afford to sit down once in a while and think things over. Let's hope he's giving a thought to playing something besides the cheerful wastrel — amusing though the type may be. The folks would hate to see the boy from Beacon get stuck in a rut. How do you like the Montgomery cravat? Original—that's Bob. That's why he's an author on the side







*Schoenbaum*

## POLA'S GATEWAY TO DREAMS

This picture tells you—better than words—how happy Pola is to be back. She can't get enough of the California sunlight and the balmy air of Santa Monica. All day she sits in the gateway of her beach house and dreams—with never a line of worry on her face about the comeback she is going to make in "A Woman Commands"





Shalitt

### **Fredric March Can Play Those Roles That John Barrymore Made Famous**

Fredric March has shaved off that becoming lip-decoration! But the big news is why he did it. The March mustache, you remember, was acquired for "The Royal Family," in which he gave a perfect take-off of John Barrymore. (John, himself, admits it.) But that amusing satire proved that whatever John did, Freddie could also do—and cost him his mustache. For he has been assigned to make the talkie version of John's biggest hit in silents—"Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." The hideous fiend at the right is our Freddie, prowling around as Mr. Hyde





# Watch Out For Miriam Hopkins!

She stole the picture from Chevalier and there's no mistake that she spells danger to plenty of feminine stars--none of whom can afford to be temperamental now. For Miriam is ready to star at a moment's notice

BY NANCY PRYOR

**W**HEN the gossip leaked out that Miriam Hopkins and Claudette Colbert had cuffed each other just a little harder than was necessary in the "slapping" scene of "The Smiling Lieutenant," Hollywood sat up and began asking questions about Miriam.

It just goes to prove what a bit of gossip will do for a little girl trying to get along in the talkies.

The picture was made in the East, and it was impossible to confirm the rumor. But when Hollywood finally glimpsed the film, and, moreover, saw Miriam in person at the opening—well, the slaps *did* seem realistic.

Hollywood chuckled and immediately set the Hopkins down as an intriguing and slightly dangerous lady—which counts more in this town than merely being a good actress (though the folks are certainly taking nothing from Miriam on that score). So far as the first-night audience was concerned, Miriam wrapped Chevalier's picture under her slim white arm and walked away with it.

The slapping episode has been nicely smoothed over by both girls—if you care for smoothed-over episodes. "Absurd," is what the poised Colbert called the rumor. "Miss Colbert is a lovely girl," Miriam is quoted as saying. But the fact still remains that Miriam looks as if she could take care of herself in any company.

Hollywood further pricked up its ears about the newest picture-stealer when it heard that the lady had smilingly reached across a luncheon table, had shaken hands with smiling Austin Parker, her husband and a playwright and wartime aviator, and had said something to this effect:

"It's quits then, Austin—but you're a great pal."

Decidedly a new way of doing the thing! Here was a lady worth knowing—and watching.

## Doesn't Look Dangerous

**S**HE doesn't look the dangerous type. Not particularly. She isn't mysterious. To the contrary, she has a gay, Southern manner. When she laughs, she giggles just a bit. She can't be an inch over five feet and she's blonde and



Shalitt

soft and altogether feminine. Because she isn't strictly a beauty, she can afford to run her hands impatiently through her hair and not give a whoop that the only wave that's left is a natural one.

She talks a lot—and rapidly. Like all nervous, restless people, she has a quick temper. She has ten thousand things on her mind. Yet through her impatience the Hopkins giggle runs like quicksilver, giving a humorous slant on observations that might be complaints in anyone else.

Yes, she likes Hollywood. That is, it's safe to say she likes it, though she really hasn't had time to give the matter any real consideration. Her house at the beach isn't settled yet, but it's grand and cool down there, especially when one reads of the ghastly heat in New York. But heat, or no heat, New York is New York. It would take more than what she has seen so far to swerve her allegiance from the town where she starred for so many years. In spite of her two pictures—"Fast and Loose" and the Chevalier film—she still considers herself a "stage actress." Is she going to continue to do stage shows between pictures? Well, hardly! She'll do pictures between stage shows.

She has not had much time to become acquainted with players or to renew friendships with people she had known on Broadway. Oh, yes, she *had* run across Vivienne Osborne in the wardrobe department.

"It's funny," she commented, "about that meeting. Vivienne was being fitted into a slinky black dress just

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# The Screen's Best Gangster



Fryer

BY  
CHARLES GRAYSON

**J**AMES CAGNEY was born July 17, 1904, the son of John Cagney of Cagney's Saloon on Avenue D, near East Eighth Street, in New York. Like the offspring of many liquor dealers, he does not drink. He saw too much of it when he was that hard little Jimmy Cagney, the terror of Avenue A. Nor does he smoke.

He was a tough kid, the up-and-at-'em product of his neighborhood—one of a family of seven. His pals were guerillas in the making. And for the most part that is what they became—racketeers, gunmen, heist guys, liquor runners, gangsters, public enemies—while he became “The Public Enemy.” Because his mother, with that grim, fine determination of the Celtic soul, vowed that her boys were not to grow up Shanty Irish.

He attended New York schools and was in his first year at Columbia when the death of his father necessitated his leaving. Two brothers had preceded him at the University, to become doctors, and a third became a successful advertising man—because an Irish woman refused to let her brood be trapped by the accident of birth. Jimmy had had an idea he might become an architect.

Leaving college at nineteen, he landed in the chorus of

Jimmy Cagney's in a class by himself when it comes to playing gangsters. He makes these public enemies real because he lived among them. They may be on the spot—but the spotlight is on Jimmy

a musical show. There were forty other applicants for the place, and Jimmy knew only a few steps. But he got the job. And a little later there was a press notice, his first: “James Cagney has replaced Donald Kerr as a dancing feature with the ‘Pitter Patter’ company, which opened for a week's run at the Schubert-Riviera Theater last night.”

## No Breaks for Five Years

**F**OR five years after “Pitter Patter” things were very slow for him. Small-time stuff. Dancing acts. Shows that went pfft! He even played Jewish comedians in vaudeville skits. His top salary was thirty-seven-fifty a week. And then his break—*Little Red* in “Outside Looking In,” the play of tramp life. The show went over, and with it Jimmy and Charles Bickford, who was featured. Percy Hammond, the drama critic, wrote of their efforts that “Mr. Charles Bickford and Mr. James Cagney do the most honest acting to be seen in New York.”

Despite his excellent notices, after “Outside Looking In” there was another long, stagnant period for Jimmy. Shows died under him. He went into vaudeville and revues as a dancer, spasmodically. He opened “The Cagney School of Dancing.” But wanting to act, he always would return to the drama. Thus for four years he alternated between comedy, dancing and (for the greater part) weak-young-brother rôles.

His last shows in New York were “The Grand Street Follies,” “Maggie the Magnificent,” and “Penny Arcade.” In “Penny Arcade” he played opposite Joan Blondell. Then came a chance from Warners to do a movie version of one of his stage bad brothers in “Sinner's Holiday” (which was “Penny Arcade” in disguise). And that led to the part of *Mile-away* in “The Doorway to Hell.”

He thinks pictures are the hardest work he ever has done. This is because of the great nervous tension, even when one is idle; the lack of laughs customary in usual show-business; and the lack of stimulus from an audience. He wonders at people who can work for a camera all day

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## The Slant on Jimmy Cagney

He is 27 years old and was born on New York's lower East Side. Grew up with tough neighborhood gangs—some of his boyhood pals are rated as public enemies, while he became the screen's Public Enemy. Attended Columbia University, but left to join musical show. Worked up to dramatic parts on the stage and jumped to the movies. After gangster rôles he says he's definitely typed as roughneck. Receives amazing fan mail from young girls who adore his brutality. Is married—his wife being a former dancer who gave up career. Is handy with his fists and carries a knockout punch. Although Irish, he can speak Jewish fluently. Loves to nibble on sweets and is crazy over cookies. Can carry on a highbrow conversation, but can also talk the language of the man in the street. Is not thrilled by seeing his name in type or in lights.





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Marguerite Hoare  
of London



"Don't use just any soap ... particularly if your skin is irritated! Use Palmolive. It is made of the cosmetic oils of olive and palm."

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"Use Palmolive, a soap that is effective but gentle in its action. The vegetable oils of olive and palm make Palmolive soothing."

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These famous names  
are among the  
20,000 beauty experts  
who recommend  
Palmolive



"Repeated experiments have convinced me that vegetable oils in soap are best for your skin. That is why I say use Palmolive."

Mrs. McGavran  
of Kansas City



"Don't mistreat your complexion by using the wrong soap—use Palmolive. Its vegetable oils make a soap that is safe."

Jessie Henderson  
of Los Angeles

# When soaps claim beauty results ask first what they are made of

Palmolive tells you—willingly—  
it is made of olive and palm oils

TODAY there are many soaps on the market. Some make extravagant claims. You are often confused—don't know which soap to choose. You take great chances, endanger your complexion, unless you know what is in the soap you use on your face.

## Choice of experts

Palmolive Soap is the choice of over 20,000 beauty experts. They know what's in this soap. They know it is made of olive and palm oils—the world's supreme cosmetic oils.

Don't let anyone convince you that soap which merely *claims* beauty

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Palmolive is a pure soap. Its delicate, natural color comes from the fine vegetable oils of which it is made. It is naturally wholesome, just like the complexions it fosters.

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Youth captivates... youth charms. Use Palmolive—only Palmolive—to keep that schoolgirl complexion.

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There is just one person whose business it is to help you keep good looks. That is the trained professional beauty specialist. Put your beauty problems in her hands. She will help you solve them.

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Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion





photo by  
RAY HUFF  
Los Angeles, 1931

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and screen star has a  
Complexion Secret  
you, too, can share!*

**I** AM over forty years old," says Pauline Frederick. But who would believe it looking at the recent picture above!

"And I am now realizing that it is not birthdays which really count. It is whether or not a woman retains her youthful complexion.

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# LUX Toilet



"I'm  
over 40!"

*Pauline Frederick*

face feeling fresh and invigorated. I have used this soap regularly for a long time and find that it does wonders for my skin."

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Surely *you* will want to try it for your skin!

Soap — 10¢



PAULINE FREDERICK in her present stage success, *Elizabeth the Queen*. With amazing versatility she transforms her face into a remarkable likeness to the famous queen!



# Looking Them Over

(Continued from page 47)

months the agreement will be non-effective.

However, since both Bebe and the company know that contract better than any rumor-artists, we may safely believe what they say—to the effect that the lovely Daniels will be back at work as soon as possible after the birth of the Lyons' heir.

**CLARA BOW** blew back into Hollywood from Rex Bell's ranch for a brief visit to the dentist. Clara is getting just a little chubby again, as she was in pictures a couple of years ago before she went on that rigid diet.

But Clara doesn't give a whoop about the new weight. She's busy getting well, and if she takes on a few pounds in the process, it's just added proof of how life in the great outdoors is agreeing with her.

## AROUND Town:

**Miriam Hopkins** and **Dudley Murphy** lunching at the Paramount café.

**Jeanette MacDonald** winning an impromptu beauty vote as the loveliest woman in the Cocoanut Grove.

**William Powell** and his bride, **Carole Lombard**, back from their Honolulu honeymoon, shaking hands with old friends on the First National lot.

**Joel McCrea** confiding to a reporter his belief that **Constance Bennett** and the *Marquis de la Falaise* will be married in Paris.

**THE John McCormick-Janet Gattis** brief fling into matrimony is all over. Separation rumors began almost as the former producer and his Beverly Hills bride walked back from the altar after their sudden marriage in Honolulu.

On their return to Hollywood, Mrs. Gattis-McCormick went immediately to the home of her mother, where she was said to be on the verge of a nervous breakdown. Several days later she saw her lawyer and explained that McCormick was "delightful" one day—and something very different the next.

John is still bemoaning his loss of **Colleen Moore**—but Colleen is definitely through.

**UNDER** her legal name of Virginia Culpepper, nobody else but **Ginger Rogers** filed divorce papers in Dallas, Texas, against **Jack Culpepper**, vaudeville actor.

Ginger says she was married when she was seventeen years of age and without the consent of her mother. Mama appears to have been wiser than Ginger, for now she says Culpepper never supported her, often borrowed money that he never paid back and generally behaved more like a debtor than a husband.

Culpepper, in New York, denied all—but permitted Ginger to go ahead and get her divorce anyway.

When everything is all straightened up, Ginger may marry **Mervyn Le Roy**, the director, who is busy getting a divorce on his own from **Edna Murphy**.

**LUPE VELEZ** let loose a lot of Mexican excitement when she discovered she had lost a six-thousand-dollar diamond bracelet while attending a party on the terrace roof of a New York hotel.

It was the famous bracelet that **Gary Cooper** gave **Lupe**, and on her way to the ladies' lounge, when she discovered it was missing from her slender brown arm, the

ear-witnesses say **Lupe** let out a wail that could have been heard out in Hollywood.

**MARY PICKFORD** says the popular reaction to these super-sophisticated and over-sexed pictures will be a demand for the return of good wholesome, human interest yarns. "Look at the reception of **Janet Gaynor's** 'Daddy Long Legs'," says Mary triumphantly.

And, what's more, Mary is looking around for a good old-fashioned yarn for herself. She may or may not personally star in it. "But whether I do or not, I shall produce such a picture," she says. "The box-office is waiting for a breath of fresh air and a wise producer could make a great deal of money by filling such a demand."

And Mary is just that kind of a producer.



Don English

Gym dandy—that's **Frances Dee**, who works out with a medicine ball every day, instead of dieting. And training certainly shows!

## GLIMPSED at Marie Prevost's Malibu Party:

**Skeets Gallagher** and his wife—Mrs. Gallagher looking more like **Greta Garbo** than ever.

**Hoot Gibson** and **Sally Eilers**—Sally in navy-blue beach pajamas.

**Joan Bennett** dropping in to say "hello" and hurrying home to a beach party of her own.

Even in beach pajamas **Joan** carries her lorgnette—which certainly goes to prove she is really near-sighted.

**William Haines** arriving late, but in time to get his share of supper.

**MARLENE DIETRICH** went down to the station to greet her husband, **Rudolf Seiber**, upon his arrival in Hollywood. As usual, **Josef von Sternberg** accompanied his star.

We hear that **Marlene** wasn't so pleased about those interviews given out by **Rudy** in New York to the effect that she was a good actress, but an even better cook. At least, **Marlene** is doing very little cooking now. There are reports from the Paramount studio that the gentleman who hates to be referred to as "Mr. Dietrich" will give out no more interviews.

**GIRLS**, have you a little black satin gown in your wardrobe?

You're going to need it if you're going to be in the Fall style swim. Satin is the new seam-song—the favorite Hollywood colors of this material being black and brown.

**Betty Compson** appeared at the Roosevelt Roof the other evening in a slinky satin evening gown, fitting her body tightly almost to the knees, then flaring into an abundant skirt. Betty wore a long crystal chain for contrast—though most of the girls are wearing satin evening gowns minus ornament, jewelry or contrasting touches.

**Jean Harlow** wears a black satin afternoon gown with long tight sleeves extending well down over her hands. Another feature of this startling dress is a severe neckline, high and very straight.

Just by way of being different, **Carole Lombard** has chosen brown satin for her favorite street-suit—a simple double-breasted coat with a plain pleated skirt.

## PERSONALITIES:

**William Haines** taking a good-natured kidding because he refused to start a new picture on Friday.

Did you know that one of **Lionel Barrymore's** hands is almost twice as large as the other? Rheumatism is the cause.

**William Bakewell** playing tennis with **John Gilbert's** favorite *Hawaiian Princess* at the home of the *Monte Blues*.

**Jack** showing up later to join in the festivities himself. Jack is going places again.

**Monte and Tove Blue** (the Missus) winning the tennis match.

**SPEAKING** of **John Gilbert** and the *Princess Lilioukawai*, gossip has it that Jack is going to pay a long visit to the Islands as soon as his contract is finished.

**JIMMY DURANTE**, the famous so-I-ups-to-him comedian, and his equally famous big nose have arrived in Hollywood to make a picture at M-G-M. Jimmy's "Schnozzle" is said to be the biggest in captivity—but it's worth as many laughs to him as anyone else.

Jimmy made the trip to the Coast through the Panama Canal aboard the *S.S. California*.

"And they wanted me to pay double passage because I got twice as much salt air as any other passenger," he complained.

**GEORGE BANCROFT** and **Clive Brook** both have a hobby of collecting dramatic clippings. Bancroft's best is one that lists the title of a play, the director, producer, author and members of the cast and finally says: "A sour show."

Brook has a review of a picture of the wide open spaces. Said the critic: "Nice picture, great scenery—but the actors keep getting in front of the scenery."

(Continued on page 66)



# This seal answers the question:

*“what toothpaste should I use?”*

## *What is this seal?*

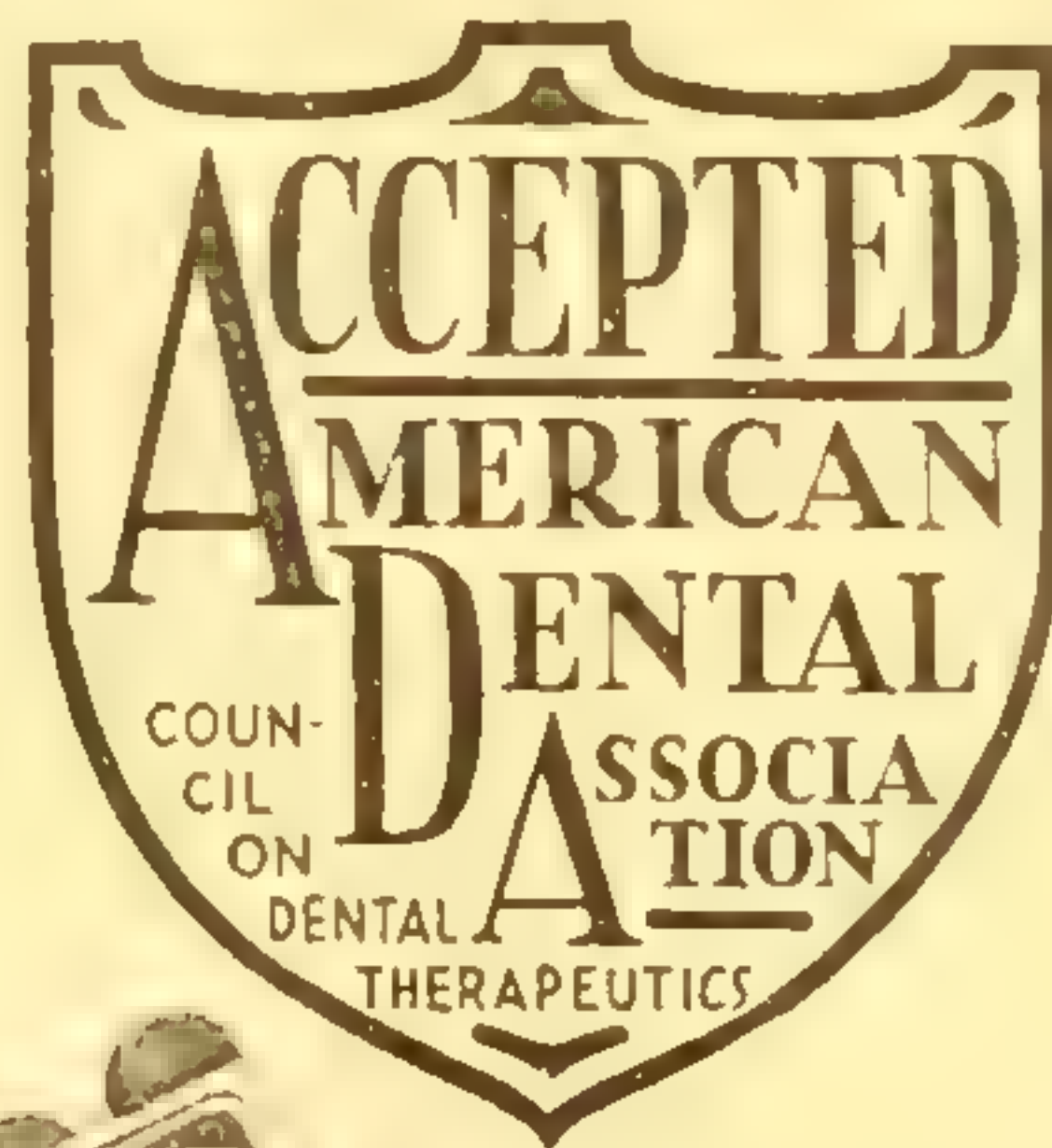
It is the seal of acceptance of the American Dental Association, Council on Dental Therapeutics.

## *What is the Council on Dental Therapeutics?*

This Council is composed of 13 prominent men of science, appointed by the American Dental Association; and chosen for their outstanding ability in various branches of modern dentistry. Its purpose is to analyze the composition of dental products, such as toothpastes, and pass upon the claims that are made for them. The Council has no interest whatsoever in the sale of any product. Its only interest is to serve the dental profession and the public—to act as a guide.

## *What is the meaning of this seal?*

This seal identifies products which have been passed on by the Council. When found on a toothpaste, it means that the composition of this toothpaste has been submitted to the Council, and that its claims have been found acceptable.



## Colgate's bears this seal

Climaxing 30 years of leadership, Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream has been accepted by the American Dental Association, Council on Dental Therapeutics.

Colgate's has been more universally recommended by dentists through the years than any other toothpaste ever made.

This famous dentifrice stands alone. It has healthfully and completely cleansed more peo-

ple's teeth than any other dentifrice in the world.

Colgate's sells for a low price—but only because it is sold in overwhelming volume. It is the quality of Colgate's—and quality alone—that has held its leadership for years and years.

Be guided by the seal of acceptance. Use Colgate's to keep your teeth healthfully and completely clean.

**Colgate's  
costs only  
25c**





## BE an ARTIST Earn a Fat Income

**W**HAT would you give to be thoroughly trained in Modern Art on which magazines, newspapers and publishers are spending millions every year? Many Federal Students who already have this training are earning from \$2500 to \$6000 a year—some even more.

More than fifty famous artists making big incomes themselves have contributed exclusive lessons and drawings to the Federal Course in Illustrating. Through these lessons you may get the benefit of their long experience in Illustrating, Cartooning, Lettering, Poster Designing, and Window Card Illustrating. Careful training through the Federal Course teaches you to turn simple lines into dollars. You learn at home in spare time. Earn while you learn if you wish. Through their professional success hundreds of Federal Students have already proved the value of this home study art instruction.

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Please send your free book, "A Road to Bigger Things," together with Test Chart.

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Occupation \_\_\_\_\_

Age \_\_\_\_\_ Address \_\_\_\_\_



# Looking Them Over

(Continued from page 64)

**JACKIE COOPER** of "Skippy" fame, and Louis B. Mayer, his boss, have become great pals. Jackie drops in and has "conferences" with Mr. Mayer two or three times a day. The other day he brought the famous producer an ice cream cone and, what's more, the gossip is that the famous gentleman sent Jackie out for another one.

**SAID** Skeets Gallagher to Lilyan Tashman: "Did you ever hear the one about the vaudeville actor who told one of the Siamese Twins that he would take her out to dinner when she could get away?"

Said Lilyan to Skeets: "Did you know that the player who trumps his partner's ace should be buried with *simple honors*?"

And now all is quiet on the Paramount lot.

**NANCY CARROLL** is no longer with Paramount. If this keeps up, there will not be an old favorite from yesterday remaining on the Paramount payroll.

Nancy's new pictures have not had the draw her former films enjoyed, yet with the scarcity of starring talent on hand you wonder at Paramount's courage at freeing so many big names.

The next loss may be Buddy Rogers. Buddy is very anxious to be free of the movies for a little while. If he could fill the radio, orchestra, musical comedy and vaudeville offers that are pouring in now, he says he could make more money in six months than his picture contract pays him in a year and a half.

**SHIRLEY MASON LANDFIELD** and Sidney Landfield, Fox director, are the proud parents of a baby daughter.

**THE** infant daughter of the Robert Montgomerys is steadily improving after a severe illness.

And while we are on the nursery notes, Joan Crawford emphatically denies she is expecting the stork.

**POOR** Polly Moran!

For years Polly has longed to be prettied-up to correct her protruding teeth and to have her nose straightened.

An accidental fall on Easter morning, as she was returning home from church, gave Polly an excuse for visiting the dentist and the nose doctor. And what a job they did! The day Polly walked back into the studio café with her new face everyone gasped: "Look at Polly. She's actually *pretty*!" Those words meant a lot to Polly. She had been waiting to hear them for years.

But the blow of blows has fallen.

After one good look at Polly's improved face in "Politics," the studio officials decided she had lost all her comedy value and now she is going to have to have the dentist make her a new set of "buck" teeth to wear on the screen.

**CATALINA ISLAND** did a rush business the final week of "the season."

Howard Hughes' yacht with a gay party aboard was anchored in front of the St. Catherine Hotel.

Ditto for the smaller, but just as gay boat, of the Richard Arlens. Dick and Jobyna were entertaining friends made in Honolulu.

James and Lucille Gleason confined most

of their vacation activities to deep-sea fishing.

Richard Barthelmess dropped his mask of dignity to mingle around with the crowd at the dance hall.

Conrad Nagel and his wife left their boat to dine in style in the St. Catherine dining-room.

Leatrice Joy, as brown as a berry, spent most of her days in a bathing-suit.

**T**HELMA TODD has changed her name to Alison Loyd.

Just why nobody knows, unless it is Roland Young, who thinks Thelma Todd sounds too much like a comedy name.

Mr. Young is directing Thelma—we mean Alison—in "Corsair," which is certainly not a comedy. The new name was worked out by numerology and is guaranteed to bring the former Thelma lots of success in the dramatic line.

**J**UST before Constance Bennett left for Europe, she attended a preview of her latest picture. It is the custom on these occasions for the star, producer, director, etc. to occupy seats reserved for them by the management. But Connie pulled a new one.

She arrived at the theater an hour before the preview began, stood in line to buy her ticket and sat down among them—to be exact, between a housewife and a shop-girl. "It proved to be the best audience reaction I've ever had with one of my own pictures," said Constance, "And the talk I overheard gave me valuable tips that will be utilized when we make the re-takes."

**MARLENE DIETRICH** will not make "The Lady And The Lions" after all.

Josef von Sternberg and B. P. Schulberg agreed that the story Marlene found in Europe is not strong enough for their exotic star. Marlene is just a little bit disappointed, but she is willing to grant that her director and producer know a great deal more about the screen merits of the story than she does.

However, the report continues that Phillips Holmes will support Marlene in her next picture—whatever they finally decide on.

**GLORIA SWANSON** had no more than arrived in Paris when she was taken ill. Her many friends in Hollywood sent hundreds of wires, demanding to know Gloria's exact condition.

Her doctor wired that Gloria had undergone a minor operation and was progressing nicely.

**LARRY GRAY** is being seen more and more frequently in the company of Catherine Toberman, daughter of one of Hollywood's original founders and certainly one of her richest men. Miss Toberman, who is a tall, stunning blonde, has been seen three times within one week with the movie leading man. To Hollywood, that is all that is necessary to constitute a romance.

**JOAN BENNETT** and John Considine are supposed to be "made up" and maybe they are (after all, who knows anything about this strange romance?)—since Joan broke her hip. The blonde must remain in the hospital several weeks and learn to walk again.



# "Congratulations!"

*You've truly captured  
youth's own color tints in this new  
Two-Tone Powder . . . Seventeen!"*

*Says DOROTHY MACKAILL*

A powder to imitate the actual complexion tints of youth? Yes! . . . that is the marvelous principle on which Seventeen Two-Tone Powder was created!

For the purpose of a powder is *not* to coat the skin as with a mask. Powders which dull the natural skin tints are really ageing in their effects.

The ideal seventeen-year-old complexion is *alive*. The exquisite colors come and go. The skin seems actually transparent. The color tints are fresh, radiant, subtle.

And so should be the color tints in your complexion powder! *Then* you will have naturalness, not artificiality . . . youthful delicacy, not mature dullness.

*Seventeen found a way to imitate the natural color tints of youth. This principle, we call Two-Tone.*

Ingredients of different weights are blended: light and heavy. The heavier powder clings closely to your skin. The lighter weight powder, on the surface, seems to take on another, lighter color tone . . . which creates a subtle overtone . . . and lends your skin the delicate transparency of youth.

There are various shades, of course, in Seventeen. Select your own, as in any other powder. But compare this shade with the shade you now are using! Take a little in your hand. Note the life, the radiance, of Seventeen. Then, a fluff of Seventeen on your skin. What a glorious difference! You will congratulate *yourself* on having found this Two-Tone, Youth-Tone Powder.



*Seventeen*



*Youth-Tone tints in  
Seventeen Rouge and  
Lipstick give you—with  
Seventeen Two-Tone  
Powder—a complete  
Youth-Tone make-up!*



# "you're BEAUTIFUL"

said her FIRST partner



# "you're GORGEOUS"

said her LAST

Every dance taken . . . some admirer always near . . . not a moment for either puff or lipstick. Yet she dazzled every partner.

We moderns no longer look at beauty as a rare and fortunate gift. Today's beauty comes from careful selection of make-up. And how simple this selection is, if you think first of Cara Nome Toiletries!

In creating Cara Nome, Monsieur Langlois created an amazing new beauty treatment. Face powder entirely free from betraying starches or fillers—and so delicate in texture that it clings hours longer, yet never clogs the pores. Soothing lotions and creams to caress the skin and guard its youthful loveliness. And lipstick so delightfully transparent in tone that it heightens—not hides—the natural glow of tempting lips.

You'll know at once that the enchanting Cara Nome fragrance could come from no other spot but the heart of old France! Inspect these toiletries—a complete beauty treatment—at your Rexall Store! There you may always save with safety.



## CARA NOME

Cara Nome beauty aids are obtainable at all Rexall Drug Stores. Liggett and Owl Stores are also Rexall Drug Stores.

## The Screen's Best Gangster

(Continued from page 60)

and not be nearly dead with exhaustion at night. At three o'clock in the afternoon he is practically done for. At this hour he drinks quantities of grape juice, to get the added fuel of its sugar into his blood, and thus in a measure to revitalize him.

He opines that the ending of "The Public Enemy" was unnecessarily horrible, and that the picture might well have ended where he was shot and tumbled into the gutter. Yet that scene, in which he was delivered back to his mother a corpse, proved the big smash of the picture. His neck was given a bad shock, falling through the door, trussed up as he was.

He says: "No matter how many things I want to do in the theater, and am capable of doing, I now am definitely typed as an American roughneck. I suppose I'll have to go on doing that rôle, despite my great wish to do more human things. Once the public gets you set in its mind as one sort of person, there you are."

In his next, "Larceny Lane," he is co-featured with Joan Blondell. This one also was written by those clever young men, John Bright and Kubec Glasmon, who authored "The Public Enemy" and "Smart Money." It should do as much for Jimmy as its predecessors—and then stardom.

He gets amazing fan mail. Young girls—fourteen and fifteen—write that they "hope he is really as nasty and brutal as he appears on the screen," because they "adore nasty and brutal men;" and that they "could love him to death." He smiles, without mirth, at these demonstrations of juvenile complexes. He understands the psychology that prompts the writing. So he is neither flattered nor depressed. He understands.

"The current popularity of the menacing screen type," he will tell you, "is due to the fact that women enjoy a threat in a man. Just think how many women are held to a man because they know that at any moment he is apt to haul off and knock them cold."

He says: "One of the great troubles with Hollywood as I see it is that it tries to live up to its publicity reputation. Actors come out here planning to make money, save it, and then go back to New York. But they get caught up in the whoopee whirl, the social racket, and when they are washed up, they haven't a dime to show for the time they've invested."

"When I first came out here, I was told that I would have to put on a front if I wanted to succeed—have a house, a big car, and be seen around the night-clubs. I said, 'If that's the way to get ahead in Hollywood, to hell with it!' And I guess it isn't—because in a year I've gone on without any of those things, while the boys who were so busy advising me to be flashier have almost all faded from the scene."

### His Private Life

HE lives quietly in a furnished flat on West Holloway Drive in Beverly Hills. His wife is a former dancer, and pretty, and she gave up her career for marriage. Both Cagneys have a nervous trait, a hold-over from the dancing days, of sitting with their hands under their knees and keeping time to imaginary music by tapping their toes on the floor. This was the way they used to sit during stage waits, and they still often fall into the habit.

His favorite house attire is a crash bathrobe and a pair of worn slippers. He has no children, pets, or servants. His one car is a modest one. And though but five feet eight, he could flatten most of the colony's leading men with neatness, dispatch and good-humored glee.

A grand piano dominates his living-room. Between pictures he spends hours at this, practising. He has a yen for Debussy—a preference strange only to those who expect to find him a living counterpart of the rôles he enacts. A fondness for Debussy's music fits in with the real picture of this soft-spoken young gentleman who is so hard-boiled on the screen that he might be rolled on the lawn at the White House Easter party.

He still loves to dance, and will break into a routine of tap steps with practically no encouragement. He likes to draw, and his sketches aren't bad. He also likes to swim, but at this his technique isn't so good. He does not bathe at the gilded beaches favored by the more glittery movie folk. He patronizes the strand at which Mr. and Mrs. John Everyman disport themselves. His salary is not at all in keeping with the popularity to which he recently has been lifted.

His voice is low, gentle, and given to mumbling. In life he looks like a cross between Jim Tully and Marjorie Rambeau. Like Jim Tully he is handy with his "dukes."

He acts continually. His mobile face is scarcely ever in repose. His pantomime is vivid and telling. One moment he is enacting the pansiest of pansies; the next the gloomy *Pascal*, walking along the edge of a cliff and contemplating suicide; the next a terror-stricken motorist, finding that his brakes aren't holding on a steep hill. His eyes are the size and shade of full-blown cornflowers.

He cares passionately about conversation, and Russian novelists. He will sit up all night threshing out problems of economics and philosophy with his friends. His views are extremely liberal—always for *The Man in the Street*. He can wear only blues, grays and browns.

He goes to prize fights, and from there to a discussion of the character-motivation in long-winded novels like "Power." He is hot-tempered, independent, amiable, and sends money home regularly to his mother. He is not thrilled by seeing his name in type or in lights. He says he is too much the veteran to get a bang out of the things that the green kids find so glamorous.

He has chronic stomach trouble, doubtless brought on by his habit of nibbling constantly at sweet food. He is a fool for cookies. He swears continually in quiet, explosive tones, invariably for the sake of emphasis.

He is extremely intelligent and speaks Jewish fluently. Amazed to hear their language emanating from one obviously as Irish as Paddy's pig, Jews will ask him how and where. He answers: "I'm a New York boy with an ear for music."

He works out as regularly as possible at the Hollywood Y. M. C. A. His friendly foemen at boxing and wrestling are any number of celluloid thespians, now that tough times in the cinema city have thrown so many actors out of employment. Jimmy is hard in a fight, but invariably clean and honest. He loves to battle, with his fists or his tongue, and he is equally good with both.

He likes New York the best of any town he has seen yet, but he'd like to get a glimpse of Budapest and Vienna. If he ever retires, he'll do a little globe-trotting first and then hit for the backwoods somewhere—and draw. And stay there.

He does not know how long he is going to continue to ride the crest in Hollywood. But when his day here is over, he will not be found downcast or whining. He's an Irishman with a brain in his skull and a song in his heart. He'll get along.



# THE THRILLING "HALF-FACE" TEST

THAT REVEALED THE TRUE SECRET OF SKIN LOVELINESS

*Under the Constant Supervision of 15 Leading Dermatologists, 612 Women Compare Skin Care Methods . . . and Find the Real Road to Complexion Beauty.*

On one side of the face...one skin care method. On the other side...another.

This dramatic test was made for 30 days . . . not on one complexion, but on 612. Not under one dermatologist . . . but under 15. Not on one type of skin . . . but on skins of every type, of all ages from 15 to 50.

The beauty preparations used on one side of the face by these 612 women included every well-known soap, cream and lotion. On the other side, the treatment was always Woodbury's Facial Soap. After 30 days, the records showed: In 103 cases, Woodbury's had corrected blackheads; in 106 cases remedied acne; in 115 cases reduced oiliness; in 83 cases shrunk enlarged pores; in 81 cases made the skin less dry. Even "normal" complexions found finer texture, a fresh bloom under the gentle stimulus of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

No other cleansing agent, soap, cream or lotion, noticeably helped either faulty or normal skin.

It would be hard to ascribe such wonder-working powers to a soap, but Woodbury's is more than a mere soap; it is a beauty treatment founded on the special formula of a true specialist in skin loveliness. It gathers its powers to remedy and to beautify from oils and balms and unguents too fine and costly to be used in an ordinary toilet soap.

For years millions of women have found skin loveliness through Woodbury's. Many have never known complexion troubles because they have daily guarded their skins with Woodbury's.

Why not begin today to see what a 30-day Woodbury treatment will do for *your* complexion?



*The statements made in this advertisement have been examined by a leading New York dermatologist who found them to be in accord with the reports of the 15 skin specialists who conducted the nation-wide Beauty Test. The names of the doctors are not published here, but the Editor of this magazine has them on file, and they are available to any genuinely interested inquirer.*



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**COUPON FOR PERSONAL BEAUTY ADVICE**  
JOHN H. WOODBURY, INC., 910 Alfred St., Cincinnati, O.  
In Canada, John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ontario

I would like advice on my skin condition as checked below, also trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap and generous sample of Woodbury's Cold Cream and Facial Cream and Facial Powder. For this I enclose 10c.

Oily Skin <input type="checkbox"/>	Flabby Skin <input type="checkbox"/>	Sallow Skin <input type="checkbox"/>
Dry Skin <input type="checkbox"/>	Coarse Pores <input type="checkbox"/>	Pimples <input type="checkbox"/>
Wrinkles <input type="checkbox"/>	Blackheads <input type="checkbox"/>	

Name   
Address



# I Hope to Marry Again

(Continued from page 50)

that I must be seen places. I must lunch here. I must go there. I must be seen. I obeyed. I went but I hated it. I still hate it. I am not a museum-piece by inclination.

"But if I were told to do these things now, I should probably do them. The business man in me, you see. I have been called a Man of Mystery. I never go out of my way either to affirm it or deny it. I'm passive about it. I certainly do not *feel* like a man of mystery—and say so if anybody asks me.

"If I could go to an opening or to a party at the Cocoanut Grove, make personal appearances, or contact the public in any other way, and feel sure of the character of the notice I would receive, that would be another matter. As it is, I prefer to hide. I am far more likely to attract the attention of a party of drunks than the attention of the sort of people I would like. I often have. So have all of us.

## Why He Stays in Hiding

"WHEN Lindbergh or the Prince of Wales or Mussolini or some statesman makes a public appearance, the demonstration he receives is properly conducted and policed. Such a man may inspire enthusiasm, but he isn't mobbed. There's a certain respect for him. But if an actor makes a public appearance, he is likely to have his clothes torn off his back and also likely to be the target of ribald and hysterical remarks. Why invite this sort of thing?"

He and Clive Brook must find a great deal in common. Clive doesn't believe in

the conventions, either. He also finds modern marriage a farce—except, of course, in his own case.

Ronald smiled. "Clive is the most conservative man I know," he said.

Does he really think Bill Powell was unhappy—as Bill claimed—before his marriage to Carole Lombard?

"He seemed to be at times . . ."

Ronald does not talk about his own marriage. Hollywood did not even know during the first few months he was here that he *was* married—and his polite aloofness toward all the local men-snatchers was baffling. Ronald just didn't bother to disillusion the town, and state that he was not a bachelor.

His wife is pretty—and at the time they were married, was even better known on the stage than he was. Her name was Thelma Raye. When they married, so friends relate, she gave up her career. She was not going to take any chances of losing Ronnie. They had a struggle for the first few months of wedded life, making both ends meet. Times were so hard in England (this was just after the War) that they came to New York. Life was no easier for an actor here. Then, finally, he had the chance to play opposite Lillian Gish in "The White Sister." The tide began to turn for them.

But even while the picture was being filmed—while they were on location in Italy—he and his wife had a misunderstanding. They were dancing one night in a resort, when Ronald suddenly left her in the middle of the floor, and walked out—walked out of her life.

It is understood that she is now living in

England, with her child by a previous marriage, and that she and Ronald have come to an agreement whereby she lives—and always will live—comfortably. Every time he goes back to England (and he has a contract now that allows him to spend six months of every year in England), friends expect him to hop across the Channel to Paris to get a divorce. But he has not yet done so, to the best of Hollywood's knowledge.

Before Vilma Banky married Rod La Rocque, and before the world knew that he already had a wife, Ronald's name was linked romantically with that of the Hungarian star. Since that time there have been no romance rumors about him. No one would accuse him of displaying an interest in women. His friends are all men.

So long as no individual woman interests him to the point of emotionalism, there seems to be no harm in his staying married. It saves him from pursuit from husband-hunters. He certainly isn't unhappy.

"No. I am happy, even contented. I am what you might call a philosophical pessimist. I am pessimistic about almost everything and rather amused that I am."

You who have been dreaming of a Ronald Colman who is a dark Man of Mystery will have to say farewell to him. He does not exist. A much more satisfactory person does. Much more *real*. A sound, sane, sensible chap who cares about dignity and work and children and sunsets and the sea—this is Ronald Colman, described by himself and not by a gushing press-agent or reporter.

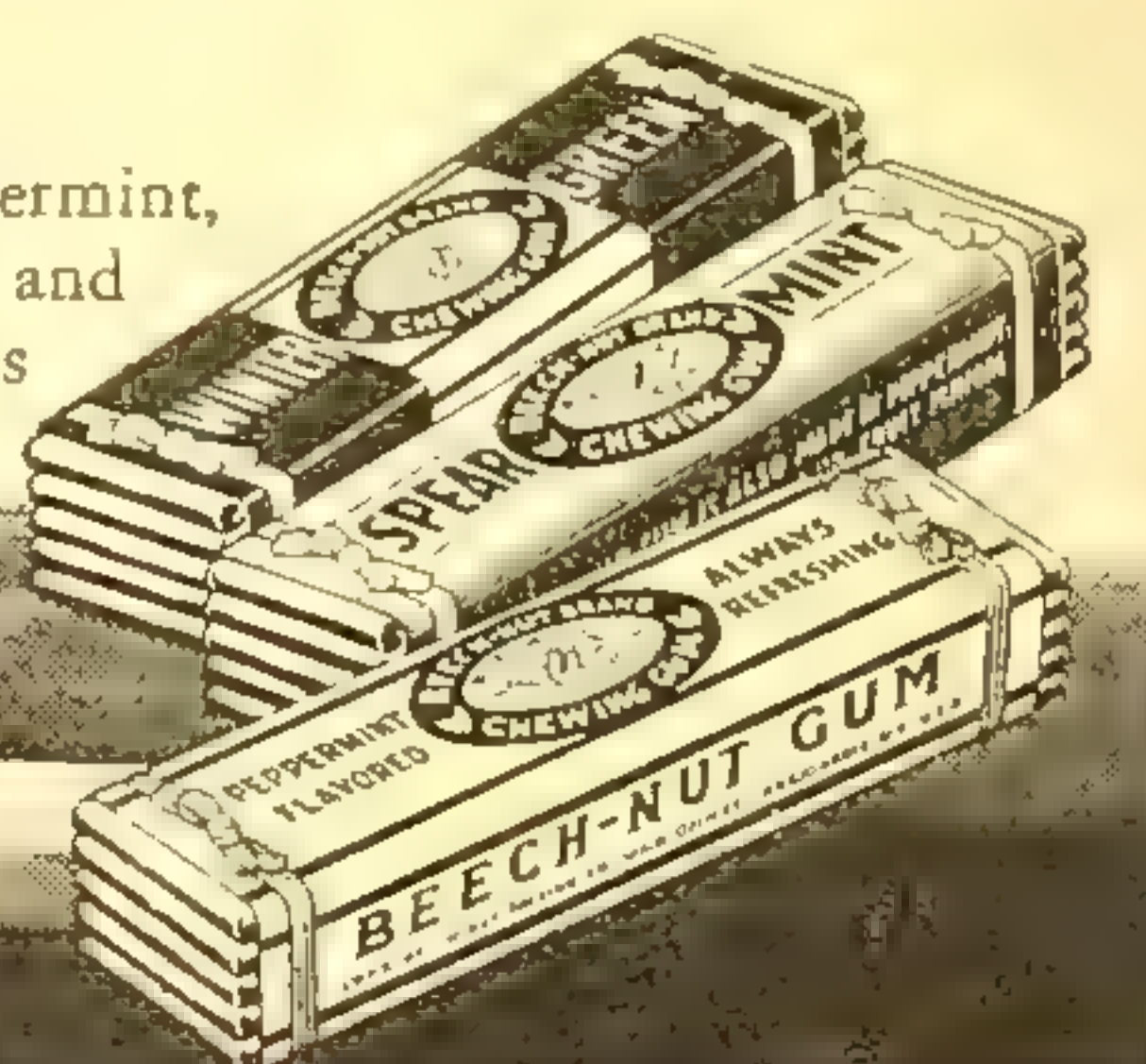
# Beech-Nut Gum

*The best proposal  
between smokes..*

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Peppermint,  
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**MAKES THE NEXT SMOKE TASTE BETTER**



# Stalwart Idols of Hollywood Rival Gods of Ancient Greece

(Continued from page 25)

of his closest friends claim, is Physique. Richard Dix and Bill Boyd are almost too muscular to be ranked with the boys who started the muscle fad. Those early lads are hardly in it with Rich and Bill. And that goes for popularity, too.

If you remember a picture called "The Pagan," you haven't forgotten how Ramon Novarro looks in the flesh. He has had to dress up more in talkies, but it's still easy enough to compare Ramon with the mythical old-timers. If he had lived two thousand years ago, he would probably have been the model for some of those statues that are still admired to-day.

## Valentino Showed His Ancestry

AND Valentino. Who can forget Valentino? He even came from the land of the Caesars. There was no mistaking his ancestry. It was in his face, as well as his form. Not tall, he even created the illusion of height by his carriage and his poise. Oddly enough, it was dancing that first gave him that poise—and fencing that kept it for him. Neither was in use in the time of the handsome ancients. It only proves that you don't always have to do as the Romans do, to have a romantic physique.

John Barrymore has the kind of profile that was responsible for "the glory that was Greece, and the grandeur that was Rome." He even has the same kind of shoulders. But John's legs are a bit thin for the rest of him. That sad fact, however, has not retarded John's progress as an idol.

Incidentally, some of the finest and brainiest actors have some of the poorest physiques. If you ever happen to see Adolphe Menjou, Gary Cooper, Robert Montgomery or Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., in one-piece bathing-suits, you'll know what I mean.

Otto, Hollywood's most famous tailor, knows who are the screen's most stalwart males. He's the one who told me. And he says there's usually a reason when a hero isn't big and brawny.

"Most men nowadays don't get enough exercise to develop their muscles. It doesn't give you muscles to watch a ticker tape or drive an automobile. An actor's profession is especially bad for the physique.

## It's Exercise That Builds Them

"BUT a good many of the screen boys make up for hours of sitting around a set by going in for body-building exercise. The ones who work out regularly in a gymnasium are usually healthier specimens than those who go out for sports. From what I've seen of swimming hereabouts, it's usually done lying face down on the sand at Malibu. And when I see pictures of these screen stars whacking a tennis ball, I wonder if they go on whacking after the camera stops clicking.

"Ronald Colman, Bill Powell, Dick Barthelmess and Jack Gilbert do—but I'm sort of suspicious of some of the others. No, I won't mention any names. I'll let you guess.

"How would I like to make suits for Apollo Belvedere or some of those other Greek boys? Well, from the pictures I've seen of them, there would be quite a saving on shoulder pads. But I wouldn't care for the job of tailoring them in sports clothes or business suits.

"To my way of thinking, modern young men like Phil Holmes and Dave Manners are handsomer than any of those antique athletes. You can picture Phil or Dave in a fig-leaf, hurling a discus, but can you imagine Hercules in a dinner jacket?"



## No woman should risk unknown substitutes for Kotex

Kotex is safe, secure; it can be worn on either side with equal protection.

THERE'S one time to be cautious—that's when you hear the expression, "just like Kotex."

How do you know it's just like Kotex? Who stands back of it? Where was it made? How? By whom? Is it, like Kotex, used by hospitals from coast to coast?

Those words, "just like Kotex," mean much more, you see, than surface resemblance. It's easy to make a pad that looks like Kotex. Far, far harder to make one that meets the rigid Kotex standards of purity, of cleanliness, of perfect hygienic safety.

### Why risk health?

After all, why take chances? You know Kotex is safe. It is treated to deodorize. It is adjustable. Last year more than 10,000,000 pads were used by hospitals alone—their choice of Kotex should be your guide.

Kotex may cost a few pennies more than some questionable substitute, of whose makers you know nothing. But those few cents guarantee a product that meets your personal ideals of cleanliness, as well as hygienic safety.

You have every possible comfort in Kotex. Careful shaping, for comfort and inconspicuous lines. Super-softness . . . that lasts . . . because Kotex is made of laminated layers of Cellucotton (not cotton) absorbent wadding, which absorbs scientifically, away from the surface.

The feeling of security that comes with perfect fit, perfect adjustment. And the fact—how important, too—that you can wear Kotex on either side. There's no worry about inadequate protection. No chance of embarrassing situations.

Kotex Company, Chicago.

### IN HOSPITALS . . .

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- 2 *Kotex is soft . . .* Not merely an apparent softness, that soon packs into chafing hardness. But a delicate, lasting softness.
- 3 *Can be worn on either side* with equal comfort. No embarrassment.
- 4 *Disposable*, instantly, completely.

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brings new ideals of sanitary comfort! Woven to fit by an entirely new patented process. Firm yet light; will not curl; perfect-fitting.

**KOTEX**  
Sanitary Napkins





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MILLIONS CALL IT  
a priceless secret - and it's FREE!

Imagine a discovery that transforms dull, lifeless hair into lovely, radiant hair such as only a few lucky girls are born with! Yet so subtle is this new loveliness that it seems only to accent the natural sheen of your hair!

Magic? Yes, the magic of just one Golden Glint shampooing! For Golden Glint is far more than a cleansing, film-removing shampoo! It imparts just the least touch of a tint—ever so little—but how exquisitely it accents the natural beauty of your hair! No other shampoo—anywhere like it! 25c at your dealers', or send for free sample.

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Color of my hair: \_\_\_\_\_

## LONGER EYE LASHES IN A FEW MINUTES



### Amazing New Discovery Gives Beautiful, Luxurious, Natural Lashes

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Ey-Teb Lashes, \$3 at leading department stores, or send \$1 for large trial size package (several applications) to Dept. B, Ey-Teb Salons, 425 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. City.

## A New Perfume

The most exquisite perfume in the world! Sells at \$12 an ounce — \$2.50 for bottle containing 30 drops.

Rieger's Flower Drops are the most refined of all perfumes. Made from the essence of flowers, without alcohol.

### ROMANZA

(The aristocrat of perfumes)

A single drop lasts a week. Hence very economical. Never anything like this before!

Send for TRIAL BOTTLE

Send only 20c (silver or stamps) for a trial bottle.  
Paul Rieger & Co., 141 First St., San Francisco

# Watch Out for Miriam Hopkins!

(Continued from page 59)

like mine. 'Are you being tested for the night-club hostess in "24 Hours"?' I asked her. She said she was. If that wasn't ridiculous! Once before, on Broadway, Vivienne and I were being tested for the same part in a show. I happened to be lucky enough to get it. I hadn't seen her since—until that absurd meeting in the wardrobe. And now we were being tested for the same rôle again! It seems unfortunate that we couldn't run into one another under more—er—friendly circumstances."

Two days after their encounter, it was announced that Miriam Hopkins' first rôle at the Paramount West Coast Studio would be the night-club hostess in "24 Hours." Is she dangerous? Just ask Vivienne—or Claudette.

It may be of interest to other ladies who will come out second-best with Miriam to know that she has not always had things so much her own way. In her words: "If I had had a nickel for every hour I sat in the anterooms of producers' offices, I could have retired before I started."

Miriam landed on Broadway armed with a Southern accent, artistic ambitions, and amateur dramatic honors at Goddard Seminary. Her family back in Savannah, Georgia, did not exactly approve of Miriam's theatrical ambitions. She had been brought up in good old Southern style—to play the piano, to pour tea correctly, and to say "Suh" to her elders.

### How She Crashed Broadway

WHEN she finally decided to cast her fortunes with the stage, she figured her singing lessons and the hours she had put in at dancing school would gain her a foothold. Miriam guessed correctly, for a try-out before the producers of the "Music Box Revue" won her a part in that show. For a year or so she appeared in that and other musicals, and then signed with a ballet bound for South America. On the day she obtained her passport, she fell and broke her ankle—and a broken ankle is of no more use in a ballet than an extra leg. Miriam remained in New York.

It was at this stage of her career that the long waits in producers' offices began. The episode of the broken ankle killed her hopes of becoming a dancer and she turned her attention to a start in the dramatic field. One or twice Miriam got a chance to read a script. The minute the stage director heard that Southern accent, he would start

chuckling. "You should do comedy," most of them advised.

Miriam compromised by accepting a featured part in a vaudeville skit. When the act finally reached the outskirts of Broadway, it attracted the attention of a theatrical scout looking for feminine talent for "Little Jessie James." Miriam made her first big hit in this musical offering, which ran for a solid year.

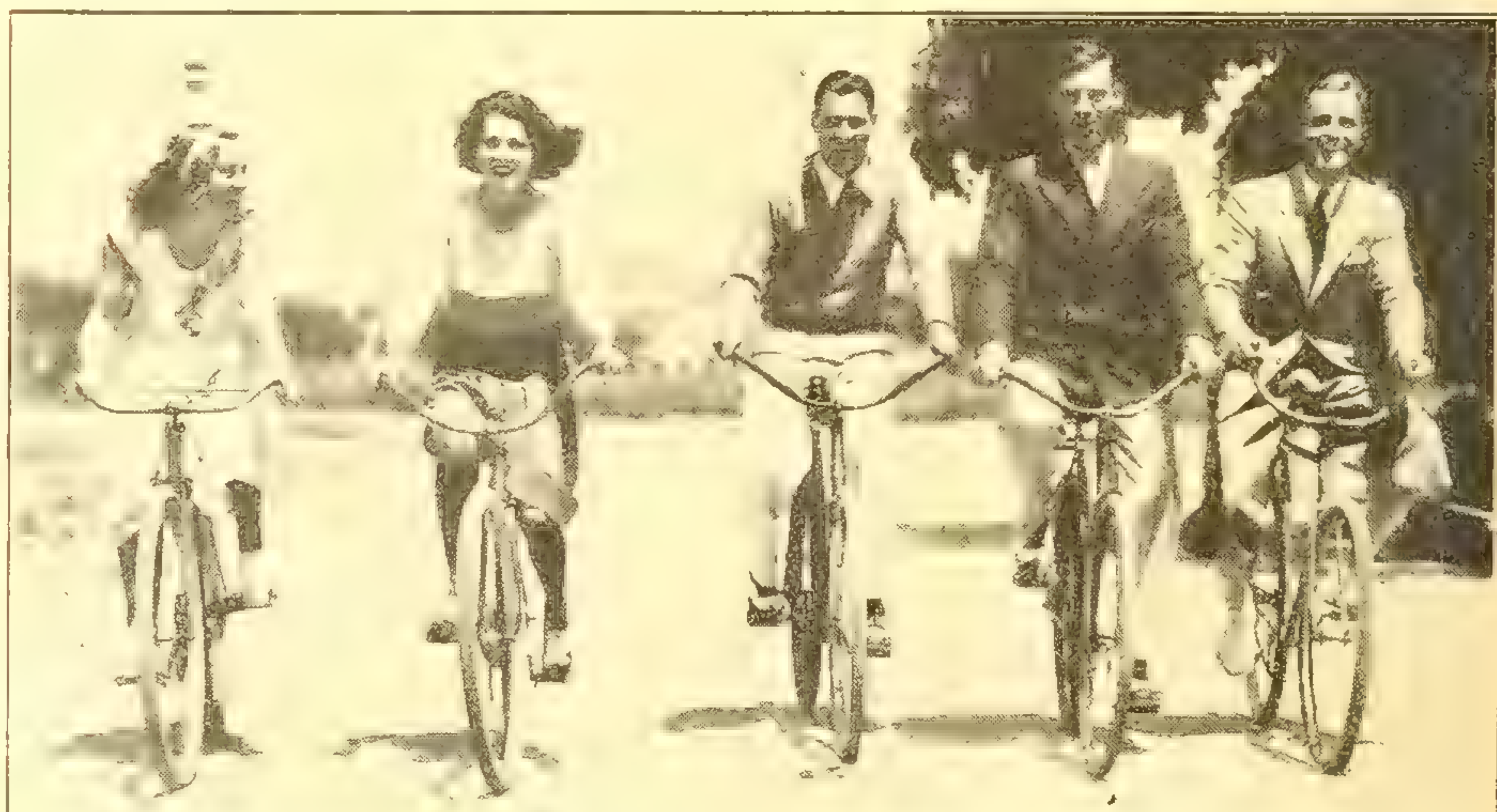
From there on she coasted, alternating musical comedies with dramatic shows as the mood hit her. She did "The Puppets" with Fredric March, "An American Tragedy" (in the rôle that Frances Dee portrays on the screen), "Excess Baggage," "The Garden of Eden," "The Bachelor Father," "Ritzzy," a revival of "The Affairs of Anatol," and just recently "Lysistrata."

### Refused Screen Offers Before

ON four different occasions during the height of her success on Broadway, Miriam was offered contracts with different major studios in Hollywood. "But I don't know anything about pictures. I'm happy in New York, and I don't want to leave," she always explained. One of the chief reasons why Miriam did not want to leave was a young man named Austin Parker at whose request Miriam had become Mrs. Austin Parker. Being Mrs. Austin Parker did not in the least interfere with making "Fast and Loose" and "The Smiling Lieutenant" in the Paramount Eastern studios—and just to prove how nicely Fate fits into the plans of lucky ladies, both Miriam and her husband received offers to come to the West Coast about the same time. Parker came out to write dialogue for RKO.

Now they're parted. "We've been parting and getting together again every little while for the past year," she is reported to have explained. "So we talked it over, and Austin and I decided to remain apart, but friends. We realize our marriage was a mistake."

But there's no mistake about Miriam Hopkins' being very much in the movies. And there's no mistake that she's making herself dangerous to the feminine stars on the Paramount lot. It's getting so that not one of them can afford to be temperamental and threaten to walk out. The studio might take the truant's threat in earnest—and put Miriam Hopkins in her place. That's how dangerous this newcomer is. She's ready to star at a moment's notice.



Free wheeling, Hollywood style. It's the latest way to go places and do things, according to (left to right) Jobyna Ralston, Frances Dee, Dick Arlen, Walter Huston and Phil Holmes



## Anonymously Yours

(Continued from page 26)

the same as the President's son's, and he sent her a cigarette lighter inscribed with them. Also on the lighter was a phrase thanking her for her services to Cuba during the Spanish-American War in 1898.

The actress liked the joke and kept the lighter in her living-room. Finally she had to put it away. Too many Hollywood gossips looked at the date, looked at the actress, wondered how many times she had had her face lifted, and went away smiling. No sense of humor.

\* \* \*

**H**OLLYWOOD actresses, lots of whom go to bed earlier than they are supposed to and don't party much, have been annoyed during the last month by a pretty dancer from New York on whose career this column has touched before. She goes everywhere, drinks what she pleases, and continues to look as young and fresh as ever. Quite recently she had to have her appendix taken out. A group of her jealous *confreres* visited the hospital. At least, they thought, she wouldn't be able to party there; and they also hoped to find a line or two in her flawlessly beautiful face.

They tiptoed into her room. There she sat, propped up on pillows, surrounded by flowers, looking lovelier than ever. A nurse stood over the bedside, holding a glass and a spoonful of soup. "Now," she was saying, "Just one more mouthful of soup, and then another glass of champagne!"

## Will Gable Take the Place of Valentino?

(Continued from page 15)

his counterpart—but he is a man who will give you the nameless thing that Valentino gave you.

With Garbo you will see him and long to have him with you.

He will make you dream again. He will evoke the flames of desire. He will quicken your veins with the same sensuous fever that Valentino gave you—and left you the poorer when he took it away.

Everywhere, here in Hollywood, where women gather, you hear the name of Clark Gable. Everywhere men as well as women are calling him "the biggest sensation the screen has known in years." And everywhere you hear: "Doesn't he remind you a little of—Valentino?" I give you my word that I have heard two hundred Hollywood women, in groups and individually, say that same thing to me and to each other.

### They Started the Same Way

**H**E began his screen career as Valentino began his—first as an extra, then as a "heavy." He emerges from that type of rôle in the Garbo picture. But no single picture has been responsible for his fame as "The Four Horsemen" pushed Rudy into the limelight.

Joan Crawford (he played with her in "Dance, Fools, Dance") told me, "He is the finest actor, the greatest 'find,' the most outstanding personality the screen has had in years—perhaps has ever had."

Ivan Lebedeff said, "I saw Gable on the screen for one instant and in that instant I thought, 'That man will be a tremendous sensation. He is an actor. He has great power. He is a romantic 'heavy' as Valentino was.'"

At a rival studio the other day, someone observed, "There is one person out here



This unpleasant job ended forever by . . .

## KLEENEX DISPOSABLE TISSUES

**N**O one likes to wash handkerchiefs. It's the most unpleasant task imaginable. Why do it?

There's no longer any necessity whatever for any woman to perform this disagreeable task. Kleenex costs so little, and it's sold the country over.

### Wonderful in many ways

Kleenex is a remarkably soft tissue, the size of a handkerchief. It's gentler than any handkerchief, and scientific tests prove it's nearly twice as absorbent.

Due to the very low cost, each tissue is used just once, then destroyed. This not only saves washing. It prevents self-infection from germs in handkerchiefs. And permits a clean, fresh tissue each time.

Kleenex is particularly valuable during hay fever and colds, when a dry handkerchief is so necessary to comfort.

### Other uses

Use Kleenex for removing face creams, as authorities advise. Its great absorbency assures thorough cleansing of the pores.

**KLEENEX Disposable  
TISSUES**

Motorists like to keep a package in the car. Mothers find Kleenex useful in the nursery.

Kleenex comes in many lovely tints as well as white, in Cellophane-wrapped packages, to keep tissues absolutely fresh and clean. The convenient package permits easy removal of tissues with one hand. At all drug, dry goods and department stores.

*"I protect my complexion by using Kleenex to remove cold cream."*



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**Woman Loses 15½ pounds  
in 2 Weeks!**

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Kruschen is a superb combination of 6 **SEPARATE** minerals which help every gland, nerve and body organ to function properly—that's why health improves while ugly fat disappears. (You can hasten results by going lighter on potatoes, fatty meat and pastry). An 85c bottle lasts 4 weeks and is sold in every drugstore in the world.

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"It's the Little Daily Dose That Does It"

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Have young-looking hair instead of gray. This way **SAFE**. Test it Free—no risk—no expense. Complete Test Package proves results.

Comb colorless liquid through hair. Gray vanishes. Lustrous color comes—black, brown, auburn, blonde. Won't rub off nor stain clothing. Leaves hair soft. Free Trial will convince you.

**Make this test FREE** Snip off a lock of hair. Try first on this. Prove results. Millions have sent for this test. Mail coupon for **FREE TEST PACKAGE**



**MARY T. GOLDMAN**  
3418 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Name ...

Street ...

City ... State ...

Color of your hair?

now destined to be the new sensation of the movie world." And the Powers at the rival studio said, "You mean Clark Gable." Not even a question.

Hollywood is talking about this man as *no* man has been talked about since Rudy was a living idol.

The man himself—also like Rudy—is of the utmost simplicity. Perhaps he will not be so a year from now. If he is, he will be a superman. For the cards are all on the table and unless some unforeseen hand disarranges them, he has such adulation coming his way as makes mortals believe they are gods.

He doesn't, physically, by feature or measurement, actually resemble Valentino. He is six feet, one inch tall. He weighs one hundred and ninety pounds. He has dark brown hair and luminous gray eyes. He has a tanned skin and an ingenuous smile. His shoulders are broad.

When I asked him where he was born, he said, "In Ohio, ma'am."

### How and Why He Began Acting

**H**E looks foreign. I don't know of what nationality. Bulgarian, perhaps. His forebears were all Pennsylvania Dutch. His father, William H. Gable, was a contractor. Clark was born in Cadiz, Ohio. He went to public schools and to high school in Hopedale, Ohio. He took a business course at Akron University. It had never occurred to him to be an actor until he became interested in the stage through "filling in" at a community playhouse.

He liked to dramatize himself when he was a youngster, he told me. He still does. Expecting to follow in his father's footsteps and deal in stone and brick and mortar in Cadiz, Ohio, he liked to imagine himself doing more breath-taking things—riding to thrilling rescues, toppling over kingdoms, exploring strange seas. He decided after a few years of banging about the world (part of the time as a lumberjack) that he could satisfy this desire for self-dramatization by being an actor and acting these parts.

He has, to date, a completely undeveloped ego. He is bewildered by this thing that is happening to him. Echoes of the prophecies for his future have reached his ears.

"I don't know *what* to think," he told me, "I don't know what it is all about. They tell me these things. I don't know what they mean. Of course, I'll never be anything like Valentino. I haven't what he had to work with. I'm just an actor with a job, that's all. That's all I ever have been, all I ever expected to be, all I am now."

"Why, I was out here four or five years ago and they wouldn't even give me a chance as an extra. No one could see me at all. Funny, isn't it? I suppose styles in actors change just like styles in clothes and plays and things. I wasn't the type then. Perhaps I am now. That may be it. But if I wasn't then and I am now—well, I may not be a year from now. Isn't that logical?"

### "A Great Lover?" He Laughs

**H**E laughed when I asked him if he felt himself to be the dangerous, thrilling individual he is on the screen. He just threw back his head and laughed. He laughs a lot. You suspect that his laughter masks embarrassment and uncertainty—uncertainty of just how serious you may be when you talk to him of his potentially brilliant future.

He claims he doesn't want to have a

great roll of money. I really believe that he doesn't, too. He says, "If I reach the spot you are telling me about, I know what I'll do—I'll *back out gracefully*. I don't want money, not a great deal of it. I don't want *things*. I'm not that type of person at all. I wouldn't be happy living as some of the stars out here live. I don't care anything about luxuries and servants and swimming-pools and big parties. I wouldn't fit. I couldn't handle them. It's important to me to be happy—in my own way."

I asked him about women—of course. I told him some of the things that might happen to him if he should approach the stage that Valentino reached. The hysteria of women. The pursuit. The burning curiosity. He said simply, "*I should think it would be sort of repulsive.*"

He is not a ladies' man, this dark, new lover. He is timid with women, respectful and courteous. He makes you feel dangerous when you *look* at him. When you talk with him, you feel comfortable and happy and safe.

He likes men's things. Especially horses. And boats. And the sea. And guns and pipes and long hikes and the mountains. His favorite author is D. H. Lawrence.

He drives to the beach at four in the morning to see the sunrise and he tells you about sunsets he has seen. He tells you about sunsets with the same ardor you might suppose he would tell you about women.

He doesn't talk about women at all. He doesn't seem to be interested. His mind doesn't run that way.

### The Women He Prefers

**W**HEN I pressed him for an opinion, he said that he liked modern women, self-reliant women, women with minds of their own. He does not like clinging vines or cute little things. He likes a woman you can talk to as you can talk to a man. He also said that he doesn't care particularly for the sensationally beautiful woman. He pointed out that many of the great loves of the world have been between people of no outstanding beauty. He asked me, relative to this, if I had read "The Savage Messiah," the new and powerful biography of Van Gogh, the artist.

He doesn't go to parties. He has to work too hard. In New York, where he played in "Machinal," "Hawk Island," "Gambling" and "Blind Windows," he worked at night and had the days to himself. Here he works all day, sometimes part of the nights, and would like to know what you *can* do in between times—except sleep? There haven't been many idle moments for Clark—not with "The Easiest Way," "Dance, Fools, Dance," "The Secret Six," "A Free Soul," "Sporting Blood" and the present Garbo vehicle under his present Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer contract, as well as "Night Nurse" at Warners, on loan.

His screen chance came overnight—after many nights, he says—when Hollywood saw him on the stage as *Killer Mears* in the prison tragedy, "The Last Mile."

Once in a lifetime—and maybe twice—there flashes across the screen a man with this strange power. Clark Gable doesn't know his power yet. The inexplicable sensations he gives you are as inexplicable to him as they are to you or to me. A certain combination of features, a certain look in the eyes, a certain way of carrying the head and using the hands—and a world falls in love with you.

When the world falls in love with Clark Gable—he will run away!

*Garbo recognized him. So will you—!*

### Did You Know That—

Paramount is grooming Paul Lukas, the Hungarian actor, for stardom to take the place vacated by Bill Powell?



# Science Reveals Garbo's Character

(Continued from page 23)

She is a very deliberate person. She is used to forming her own ideas. It would be a waste of time to advise her.

But her real charm lies in her sensitiveness. She has the texture of a fine instrument. She has a love of life. Trifles to most people are big issues with her. And, by contrast, she feels an injury much keener. She is deeply wounded by what would glance off the average person's back. Fortunately, this touchiness is under strict control. It results in keying her up until she is as taut as a violin string. Harsh sounds, disorder and furious colors hurt her. Beautiful scenery, good literature and fine arts delight her. Even her food must be of quality, rather than quantity.

This touchiness also has developed another peculiarity. Garbo underrates her own ability. She is the type who believes that real success comes only slowly and by hard labor, with sorrow and disappointment every step of the way. Hers came so quickly and easily that she often wonders if it is genuine. She constantly fears that some day it will all blow away just as quickly—

It makes her stand on guard. She remains as aloof and cold as those distant glaciers North of her native Sweden. The moment a person gets the least glance inside of her, she freezes up and Garbo is closed.

This self-control governs her life. It has firmly set the muscles of her lips and chin. There is nothing soft and feminine about them. They are not the lips of a yielding woman, but those of a scoffer and cynic. They are the lips of a woman whose head refuses to allow her to have a good time. Her self-control would admit nothing but an ideal mental companionship, even though beneath there burns a warm, beautiful fire.

Strange as it may seem, she has the muscular development, facially, of a person not in the least bit like her: Will Rogers. Both are shrewd and self-controlled. Both are wary of friends. Both shun the "yes" men. If they are praised, it must be from authentic sources.

Garbo's face is a real treat for the facial character-analyst. Even though she may be termed a mystery, the muscles of her face reveal her character with remarkable clarity. So much so, it is easy to imagine the routine of her working day.

Being sensitive, she would rather rehearse her lines alone. She would have to study the character she is to represent until she could completely eliminate herself. Possibly, she would try to live this person in her imagination. Before a mirror she would rehearse the details, comparing shrewdly the differences between her own actions and those of the person she is to portray. Presently, she would have completely erased Garbo. It is this that is so baffling about her screen personality. She recreates the emotion and characteristics of her rôle. It is an illusion. It is what makes Garbo appear as though she had no body at all.

Then the actual work is begun at the studio. Garbo is still in a dream. The scene is shot. The director shouts. A rehearsal. The scene must be re-shot. Something is wrong. Garbo is walking out. She will not go on. She is through. Underneath she is hurt and furious but her self-control limits her words.

Why? Because her mood is gone. She has been dashed to reality. Perhaps she is slipping and they are finding out. She walks away... her willowy shoulders high... like an exquisite violin controlled by a masterful bow... all suppression held at a hair trigger edge... dynamite smothered by snow... That is Garbo—as revealed by her interesting features.

80<sup>th</sup> Prize

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I changed to Marlboros when in New York

three years ago, because people whom I

considered smart  smoked them.

I have stuck to Marlboros because they

are intriguingly mild, distinctively

ivory tipped and a complement to my

personality!  With Marlboros in

my home, I feel myself the perfect

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in safety and  
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MARLBORO

PLAIN or IVORY TIPPED

America's finest cigarette

ONCE upon a time there was an average man who decided to become a Great Inventive Genius.

His first creation was a cake cutter — a tin hoop with sections like an orange. You just pressed the hoop down over the cake, and the sharpened sections cut the whole into perfect wedge-shaped pieces.

The Inventive Genius, eager to cash in on his creation, sought some advertising counsel. But the first thought of the Advertising Man was to see the cutter in action. Would it really cut cake?

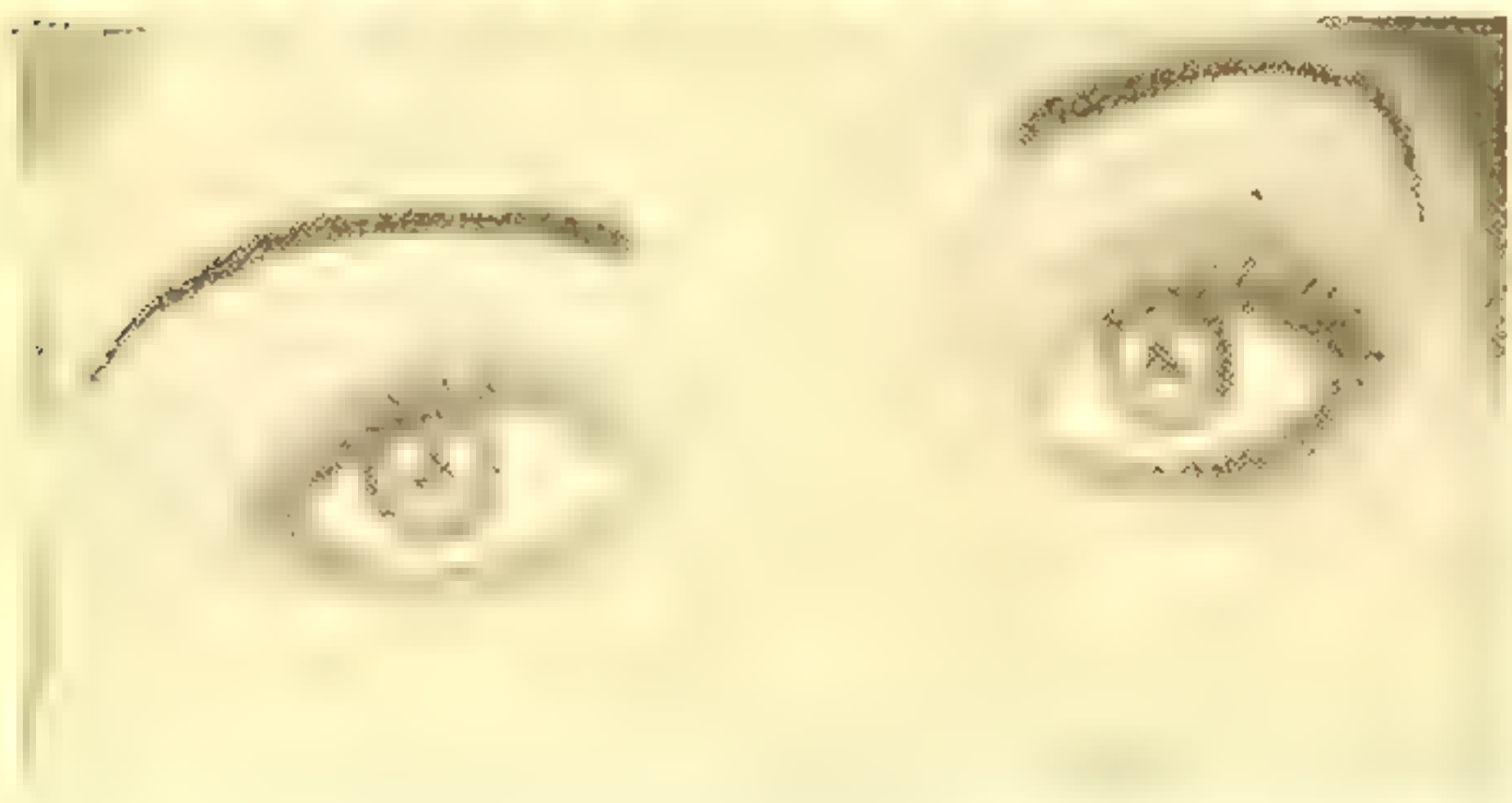
Properly indignant, the Inventor challenged the suggestion. The cutter was hustled off to the practical kitchen of a woman who serves advertisers in a very practical way. She tests household devices and foods and recipes, just as you would test them in your own kitchen.

On the appointed day a lovely layer cake was baked expressly for the try-out. The shiny tin hoop slipped gently over the tender frosting. The blades pressed into the smooth top, and sent little shivery cracks in all directions. Then the dreadful truth was demonstrated. *The beautiful tin cutter wouldn't cut. . . . It merely squashed the cake!*

The household devices you see advertised in this magazine have all been tested and tried. They are practical. They positively do what their advertising says they will do. All this is determined *before* they are advertised here.



# REMEMBER THESE EYES?



First a hit on the stage, this blonde comedienne now is winning new laurels in Warner Bros. Pictures. She is 5 ft., 4 in. tall, weighs 115 lbs. and has sparkling gray eyes. Name below\*.

## eyes win love of most men

"Out of every 1,000 lovers," says the New York Times, "more men fall in love with women's eyes than with any other feature." Keep your eyes always clear, bright and alluring by applying a few drops of harmless *Murine* each day. It enhances their sparkle and quickly clears up any bloodshot condition resulting from late hours or outdoor exposure. 60c at drug and department stores. Try it soon!

\*Joan Blondell

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# Even Hollywood's Heroes Can't Resist Their Charms

(Continued from page 19)

looks, instead, like the feminine version of "when a fellow needs a friend." There's wistfulness in those eyes and sadness in that mouth. If she were inclined that way, Joan could have a host of protectors. As it is, she seems content with John Considine, Jr.

Joan, however, isn't the only girl in the film colony who makes the local Lotharios want to be of some help. Madge Evans is the newest sweet young thing to make the boys' eyes shine. Maureen O'Sullivan—well, it's hard to keep track of all of Maureen's would-be helpmates.

When Hollywood's six most famous directors were asked to pick "the six most beautiful women in the talkies," they chose, among others, Frances Dee. (The others were Marlene Dietrich, Dolores Del Rio, Gloria Swanson, Kay Francis, and Jeanette MacDonald.) And Frances is on her way to a heart-wrecking reputation already with that beauty. She seems to have replaced Billie Dove in Howard Hughes' affections.

### Norma's Very Much Married

NORMA SHEARER may be "The Divorcée" and "A Free Soul" to you, but she is Mrs. Irving Thalberg to Hollywood. And other women aren't a bit sorry. They feel the same way—and probably even more so—about Lilyan Tashman, who is Mrs. Edmund Lowe.

Evelyn Brent is a smoldering siren on the screen but off it she is Mrs. Harry Edwards. She discourages all would-be swains by remarking that her husband is the handsomest man in Hollywood.

Wynne Gibson always plays The Other Woman, but off the screen she is noted for her sense of humor. She's a good sport. She isn't dangerous.

But Marilyn Miller. There is a girl that no other woman likes to see approaching. She comes right out and says that she has never had a real girl-friend, except her sister. Her sense of humor, she guesses, appeals to men rather than women. Sense of humor indeed! Do men want to marry a sense of humor? And Marilyn has had more marriage offers than any other girl in Hollywood.

Ina Claire is another siren with a witty tongue who doesn't inspire sisterly affection in other women. But men appreciate the Irish redhead. And now that she is no longer Mrs. John Gilbert—well boys, the line forms on the right. It is already forming, as a matter of fact.

Gloria Swanson enters the lists of the dangerous again also, now that her divorce from the Marquis de la F. et de la C. is all but final. On the screen, the glorious Swanson appeals most strongly to women—because of her clothes. Off the screen, it's the men who buzz about Gloria—because of her brains. Moreover, her suitors are always Men Who Matter.

### How Lily Rates Off the Screen

LILY DAMITA is so popular with the men in real life that the doors to her set have to be locked when she is working. There are men who wouldn't let her toil if they could only get in to see her. It's Gallic gaiety that lures them.

Watch out for Sylvia Sidney—not only as a coming star, but as an off-screen siren. In the few months that she has been in Hollywood, she has become one of the most popular girls here—among the men. (Almost exclusively among the men.) When you want to know whether or not a girl is the dangerous type, watch how women react to her. If women don't like her, she's a heart-wrecker. That's the way with Sylvia—who doesn't mind what women think. She thinks women are a dull lot, anyway.

When Edwina Booth draws near, women narrow their eyes, and men open theirs a bit wider. She's different. She has all the tense poise and the lurking ferocity of a tigress. At least, that's the impression she gives. If she ever gets a big break, plenty of Hollywood men are willing to prophesy, she will show the world something new in emotional fireworks.

Pola Negri, since her return, has been keeping pretty well to her beach house at Santa Monica—but no one is forgetting that she is back. Neither the men nor the women. If Pola glows again, there will be hordes of men who will want to glow with her.

### Last, But Not Least

DOROTHY MACKAILL is a real-life siren. She laughs with men, not at them. She makes sex appeal a gay, natural affair of sunburned days at the beach.

So is Estelle Taylor—whose exotic beauty completely engulfs her escorts, reducing them merely to "that man with Estelle" (but they don't know it).

So is Carole Lombard, who has not lost the art of being a woman in becoming a star.

So is Betty Compson, who admits she has never worked through a picture without a romance—"maybe two of them."

A siren that Hollywood would like to get a glimpse of in person is Tallulah Bankhead, who has been making her films in the East. The boys find it hard to believe the rumor that she isn't interested in men.

It seems the town doesn't have enough Dangerous Women already!

The phantom-men in the illustrations on pages 18 and 19 are:

Clark Gable—with Greta Garbo  
Warner Baxter—with Joan Bennett  
Joel McCrea—with Constance Bennett  
Ralph Forbes—with Clara Bow  
Robert Montgomery—with Joan Crawford  
Lew Ayres—with Jean Harlow

### Did You Know That--

Jack Warner went to France for a holiday and the French government took the opportunity to suggest that he suppress "Fifty Million Frenchmen." And Jack, according to the rumors, laughed merrily?

Thelma Todd changed her name to Alison Loyd and went over to United Artists to play a dramatic rôle in "Corsair." After which a comedy contract called her back to Hal Roach Studios, where she's Thelma Todd. They're calling her "Dr. Loyd and Mrs. Todd?"

"Cherries Are Ripe," the stage play that Rod La Rocque and Vilma Banky have been appearing in on the road for many months, is scheduled for a Broadway opening in October—without Rod and Vilma?

Rod and Vilma are coming back to Hollywood—with Vilma losing all her Hungarian accent, but not a bit of her beauty?



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**I HAVE SEEN** a 68 year old woman made to look 20 years younger. I have watched while sallow skins came to a glow of marvelous natural color. I have seen blackheads disappear as though by magic. I have witnessed the almost instantaneous banishment of lines and wrinkles. Muddy, blemished complexions have been given marvelous transparency before my very eyes.



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**You** are cordially welcome to send for VILO-RAY e. o. d., sending no money whatsoever. Then, when VILO-RAY, arrives, simply pay postman \$2.95 (the Special Introductory Price), plus the few cents postage. If you prefer to save the postage, send remittance with order. My Guarantee insures your satisfaction or return of \$2.95 on your "say so."

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Lucille Young



## Why Folks Grow FAT Facts All Should Know

The study of ductless glands, in late years has revealed a great cause of excess fat. The thyroid gland secretion largely controls nutrition. It helps turn food into fuel and energy. When this gland is inactive, it is found that too much food goes to fat.

This discovery has largely changed the treatment of obesity. Doctors the world over now supply this lacking factor. As a result, excess fat has been disappearing fast. One sees that everywhere. This despite the fact that people walk less, because of motor cars. And starvation diets are no longer advised.

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Marmola prescription tablets embody this modern method. A famous medical laboratory prepares them to fit the average case. People have used them for 24 years—millions of boxes of them. They have brought to multitudes of people new youth and beauty, new health and vim. Now almost everyone has friends who know the delightful effects of Marmola.

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HE couldn't forget how her hair sparkled and shone... And so another lovers' quarrel is patched up—by Blondex. This special shampoo keeps blonde hair thrilling with golden lights—safely brings back true golden color to dull, faded blonde hair. Prevents darkening. Not a dye. No injurious chemicals. Stimulates the scalp. Try Blondex today and see the difference. At all drug and department stores.

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How to set real personal-ity waves with fingers, combs or clips shown simply.  
**FREE PENNY WAVES** to keep straight hair curly 30 days, send 25c to cover mailing.  
EUGENE PENNY, 117 N. Wells, Dept. 41, Chicago



# Will Buddy Rogers Rival Rudy Vallee?

(Continued from page 17)

a sensitive microphone, who needs power? Not Rudy, vow the girls. Then why should Buddy?

Of course, Rudy has a technique all his own that has never been successfully copied. You don't have to wait for the station announcement to know who's singing, when Vallee is on the air. His mastery lies in his being just a fraction of a beat behind the melody. He's soothing, he's calming, he's romantic. But he never seems to emote as he sings. He gives the impression, instead, of lazily dreaming. Buddy, on the other hand, puts more fire in his torch songs. And his voice is equally clear.

### Buddy's More Versatile

RUDY, when he isn't crooning ever so softly to those untold millions of women who are looking for a vagabond lover, sometimes picks up a saxophone—and can tootle the horn with real talent. But what is this, beside the accomplishments of our Buddy? Buddy can make a piano dance, can make a violin sob, can tease soft melodies out of cornets, clarinets, saxes and even flutes, can strum a mean rhythm on banjo or mandolin or uke—and how the boy can rattle the traps! There just isn't any comparison here.

And how about looks—to broach a delicate subject? Well, most girls can bear to look twice at Rudy—but is he any match for Buddy? Rudy is blonde, of course, which is one thing in his favor now—but it won't be when Television comes. Blondes just don't screen well in Television broadcasts. He'll have to become brunette and how will he look then? You know how Buddy will look. He has raven-black hair, dark sparkling eyes, and a ruddy, outdoor complexion. Moreover, he has an athletic physique. And who would accuse Rudy of that?

So far as backgrounds go, they're equal. Both came from small towns—Rudy from Waterville, Maine, and Buddy from Olathe, Kansas. Both have lost their accents. Both went to college only a brief while—Buddy to the University of Kansas, and Rudy to the University of Maine and to Yale—and both earned pocket money with band-play-

ing on the side. Both became famous very early. Both are now wealthy. Both have a tremendous fan following.

Buddy can do at least one thing aside from music that Rudy can't—and that is: act. Do you, by any chance, remember a film called "The Vagabond Lover"? Suppose the Television people wanted their big star to do a little acting now and then? Well, Buddy could do it.

### And—Buddy Isn't Married

ALSO, don't forget this: Miss America prefers her idols unmarried. And Rudy has violated the unwritten law. He comes right out in public and shamelessly states that he's in love with Fay Webb, his new wife—and adds that it's the first time he has ever been in love. And after you—and you—and you—had supposed he was singing just to you! Has Buddy done a thing like that?

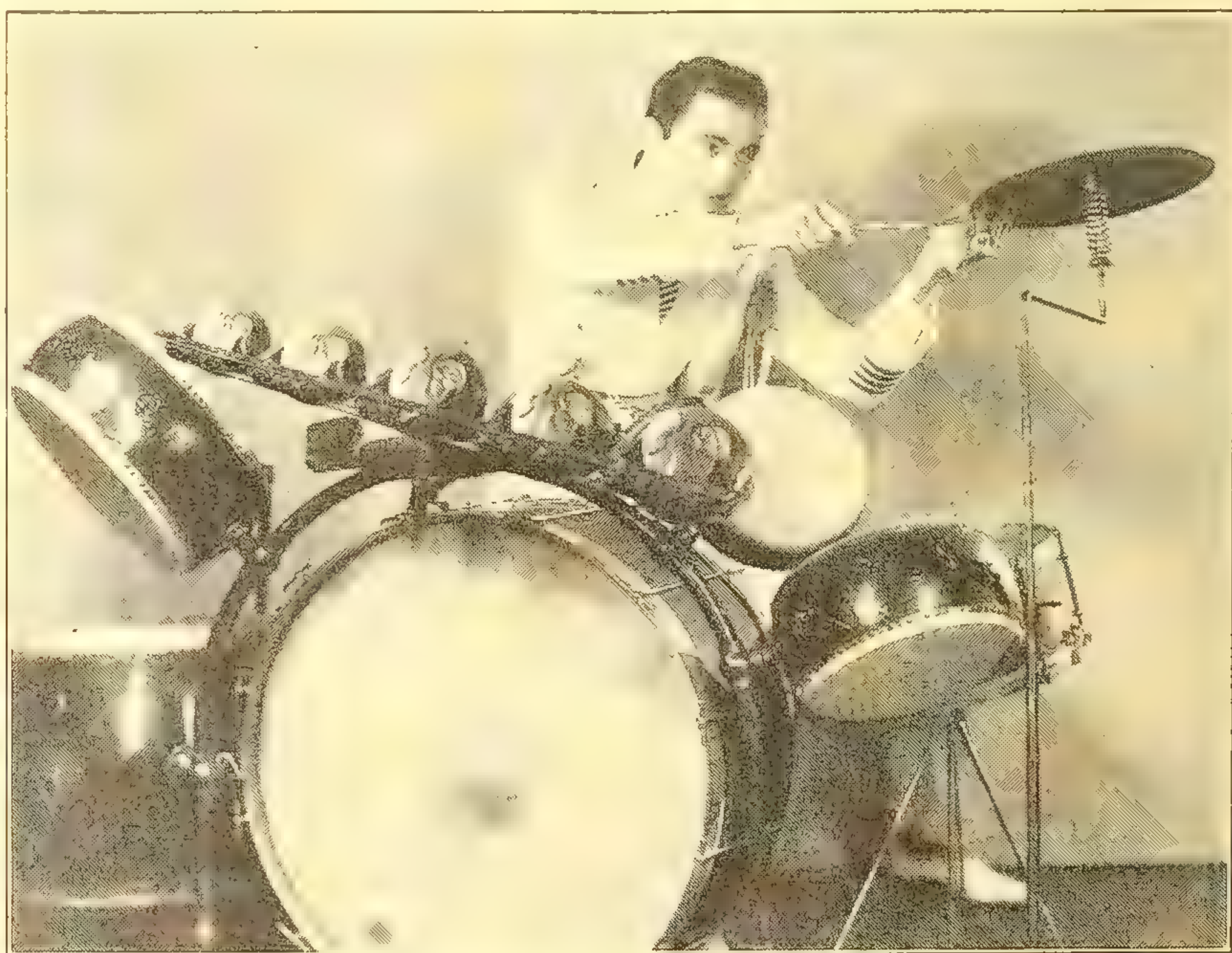
He has been rumored engaged to Mary Brian and June Collyer and Jean Arthur and plenty of others, for years (at least, it seems years). Probably those rumors were started by press-agents, say you. Anyway, he's still single. And there is where Rudy's potential rival is most dangerous. There isn't a girl in America who still couldn't dream of winning the fascinating Buddy. He's not only handsome, but heart-whole and free.

More than a year ago, Buddy told me that he was taking voice lessons and going on with his studies of the piano and mandolin. But the funny part of it is that he doesn't expect to compete with Rudy in the crooning business, despite the voice lessons. It's the band that interests him.

"I have a new idea for a band, I think," he says. "Something almost symphonic. Not less than eighteen pieces, and with at least four violins. And flutes. I love flutes. None of this rattle-bang-crash stuff. Sweetness and melody is what I want."

"I'm going to make a one-night-stand tour of every city in this country. I'm going to tour Europe. I have a swell idea—to make up an intercollegiate band with one boy from each of the big universities. I'll start with

(Continued on page 80)



If you've ever seen Buddy Rogers in a personal appearance, you've seen him play every instrument in the orchestra. The boy can even play a solo on the traps—and can Rudy Vallee do that?



# ugly hairs

Now "SNOW"

*simply melts them away!  
cleanly...quickly...safely...*

WHAT woman isn't ashamed of superfluous hair? Yet shaving and harsh chemicals ruin a delicate skin. "SNOW" is something entirely new—non-irritating, harmless, mild. No itching, no rash, and every trace of hair is gone! Eminent physicians endorse "SNOW"—scientific laboratories of high standing declare it *absolutely safe*.

Use it on the legs—where transparent hose, and the stockingless mode of summer days, call attention to any dark, streaky, unlovely hair. Such a growth is objectionable to the fastidious eye—it may disgust the one you wish most to attract. All the year round, use "SNOW" to wipe away unsightly hair on the limbs.

## "SNOW"— for fastidious women

Use it under the arms—where evening gowns and sportwear alike demand a smooth, clean surface. Here, where perspiration acid tends to burn and irritate the delicate skin, "SNOW" may be used with perfect comfort. None of the scraped, reddened appearance or burning sensation left by the old-fashioned razor!

Even on the face—where hair is so embarrassing and disfiguring—"SNOW" is safe, mild and effective. And because it goes below the upper skin, breaking off the hair before it reaches the surface, there is no short, stubby growth, no sign that any hair ever disfigured the skin! "SNOW" dis-

# "SNOW"

*simply melts hair away*

**P. S. For men, too . . .** "SNOW" is the new amazing razorless shave! Use it and get the quickest, cleanest shave you've ever had. Even the toughest beard vanishes easily—even the tenderest skin gives up its beard without a trace of irritation.



It's so easy to use "Snow". Simply apply it. Remove it and your skin is clean, fresh, free of ugly hair.



*Doctors would not endorse it, if it were not ideal for women's use.*

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"SNOW" is the perfected depilatory—the discovery of a great European laboratory. It is positive acting—quickly, cleanly, it banishes ugly, beauty-marring hair growth. Always it leaves the skin silky smooth—completely free of hair.

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courages the growth of new hair, too—each time it takes longer for the unpleasant growth to return.

## A fibre brush FREE with "SNOW"

How do you use "SNOW"? It's ridiculously simple! Mix with a little cold water—and apply with the convenient little fibre brush given FREE with each package. Leave "SNOW" on a few moments—when you remove it, you remove the ugly hair as well. USE "SNOW" AS OFTEN AS YOU WANT TO! It does not coarsen the pores or thicken the growth of hair.

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Enclosed is \$1.00 (C. O. D. \$1.15) for which please send me the large size package of "SNOW" and the special fibre brush. If I am not satisfied with "SNOW" I am to receive my money back.

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Marvelous new discovery!—makes eyelashes and eyebrows *actually grow!* Now as never before you can positively have long, curling, silken lashes and beautiful, wonderful eyebrows.

I say to you in plain English that no matter how scant your eyelashes and brows, I will increase their length and thickness in 30 days—or not accept one penny. No "ifs," "ands," or "maybes"—you actually see startling results—or no pay! You be the judge.

### Over 10,000 Women Prove It

—prove beyond a doubt that this astounding new discovery fringes the eyes with long, curling natural lashes—makes eyebrows lovely, silken lines. Read what they say—sworn to under oath before a notary public. From Mlle. Heffelfinger, 240 W. "B" St., Carlsle, Pa.: "I certainly am delighted... people now remark how long and silky my eyelashes appear." Frances Raviart of Jeanette, Pa., says: "Your Eyelash and Eyebrow Beautifier is simply marvelous." Flora J. Corriveau, Biddeford, Me., says: "With your Method my eyelashes are growing long and luxurious."

### Results Evident in One Week

In one week—often in a day or so—you see the lashes become more beautiful, like silken fringe! The darling little upward curl shows itself and eyebrows become sleek. It's the thrill of a lifetime—when you have lashes and brows as beautiful as any ever seen. Remember—I guarantee you satisfactory results in 30 days—or your money refunded in full. I mean just that—no quibble, no strings. Send today. Special Introductory Price only \$1.95 NOW! Later \$5.00. Order NOW at low price.

*Lucille Young*

Sent C. O. D.—Or if money accompanies order postage will be prepaid.

Lucille Young, 658-A Lucille Young Bldg., Chicago. Send me your new discovery for growing eyelashes and eyebrows. If not entirely satisfied, I'll return in 30 days and you refund my money.

Price C. O. D. is \$1.95 plus few cents postage. If \$1.95 sent with order postage will be paid. Check if money enclosed ☐ or C. O. D. ☐

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## Weddings That Never Happened!

Hollywood is famous for romances with happy endings. But in real life the great love affairs of the stars are sometimes unhappy. The stories of these broken romances are the most dramatic of all.

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GET YOUR COPY TODAY!

## Will Buddy Rogers Rival Rudy Vallee?

(Continued from page 78)

Kansas. Of course, that will have to come a little later. It takes at least a year to get a band in shape and accustomed to playing together."

"Do you have a band in mind that you could get together in a hurry?"

Instantly Buddy became a little cagey. "I think I can get one. I'm sure I can. I've been making plans, you see—"

From which you may gather that Buddy has a band all ready to go into action.

"I certainly had no idea that the studio was taking any active interest in me now," he confided. "I thought they had been pretty discontented with me of late. But when I asked for my release so I could get to New York in time for rehearsals for the Earl Carroll show, they wouldn't let me go! I suppose it's on account of the notices I received on my performance in 'The Lawyer's Secret.'"

"But my option comes up in December and if they keep me after that, they'll have to pay me a lot more money. I don't imagine they'll want me enough to do *that*, do you?"

"You could," I suggested, "do very bad work between now and then."

"Oh, I've already done that!" said Buddy, ruefully.

Pictures have never been more than an interlude for Buddy. Ever since he had that band in college, he has had the itch to become a jazz *maestro*. The first thing he did, when he brought his family to California and settled down in the big Beverly Hills house, was to furnish a music room "with all the instruments of a band." He has never ceased his variety of music lessons, and has never ceased to talk and dream about that band he was going to have some day. Pictures, even when he was at the top of the heap, have been a side issue.

In December, unless Paramount exercises its option and holds him for another six months or year, Buddy will be in New York, "vibrating" to his band, at the New Yorker, over the radio and probably in some musical show or other.

"I'll have a white suit," he says, "and I'll stand up there, and we'll play! *Boy!*"

Are you listening in, Mr. Vallee?

## Mary and Doug Will Never Be Divorced!

(Continued from page 22)

in the early summer how Lilyan went after a girl who "took refuge from the sun" in Eddie's dressing-room? She even used her fingernails. Does that look as if she is anxious to shed Eddie?

Alice Joyce and James Regan will never be divorced.

Alice told me once, with a smile, that she would always be in love with a rollicking Irishman, as like another Hibernian as two peas are alike. (Remember Tom Moore, her first?) And so, she intimated, to what avail would Reno-vating be? Hers is a happy family life with grown-up children and everything.

Ann Harding and Harry Bannister will never be divorced.

And here, despite all my determination to the contrary, love does enter in. Real love. They said, one unforgettable day, "Until Death do us part." They meant it. Don't ask me how I know. I haven't said I knew about any of the others. How do you know that the stars shine and the tides move in and out? You can't touch the stars; you can't put your fingers on the mainspring of

## Win a Studebaker or \$3,000.00 in Cash

SOMEONE who answers this ad will receive, absolutely free, a latest model Studebaker President Sedan or \$2,000.00 in cash, whichever is preferred. In addition we are also giving away six latest model Ford Sedans, a General Electric Refrigerator, a Shetland Pony, an Eastman Moving Picture Camera, a Radio, a Bicycle, Silverware, Gold Watches, Golf Clubs, Luggage, a Phonograph, Electric Clocks, Telephone Sets, India Prints, Bridge Tables, Cameras, Electric Irons and Hundreds of Dollars in Cash. This is our method of advertising our business and already we have given away more than \$175,000.00 in cash and valuable prizes. Mrs. Chas. Storm received \$2,175.00, Mrs. M. Iverson received \$2,320.00, W. R. Eddington received \$3,050.00.

E. H. Marquette received \$3,645.00, A. H. Jones received \$3,050.00, W. R. Buchala received \$3,000.00 and Rev. R. M. Fontaine received \$4,120.00. This offer is open to anyone living in the United States, outside of Chicago, and is guaranteed by an old reliable company of many years standing.

### Solve This Puzzle Qualify for This Opportunity

There are many objects in the picture to the left, such as dog, girl, rooster, boy, tent, etc. See if you can find 5 starting with the letter "C." As soon as you do this, write them on sheet of paper or a postcard together with your name and address and send it to me at once.

### \$1,000.00 for Being Prompt

If you act quickly and win the Studebaker Sedan I will also give you \$1,000.00 in cash extra just for being prompt—making a total of \$3,000.00 you may win. Altogether there are a total of \$7,500.00 worth of prizes to be given away and the money to pay the prizes is now on deposit at one of Chicago's largest banks ready to be paid to the prize winners. In case of ties duplicate prizes will be paid each one tying and any winner may have cash instead of the prize won, if so preferred. Get busy right away. Solve the puzzle and send me your answer together with your name and address just as soon as possible to qualify for the \$7,500.00 worth of prizes. EVERYBODY PROFITS. Who knows but that you may be the Lucky First Prize Winner? It pays to act promptly.

JAMES ARMSTRONG, Mgr. Dept. T-576 323 South Peoria St., Chicago, Ill.



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From any Part You Wish Reduced. A New And Safe Way. No Exercise, Baths, Diets, Medicines or Special Equipment Necessary

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a secret product rigidly tested has slenderized thousands of over-stout people who failed through other means. THIN-O-CREME has proven to quickly remove excess fat from double chin, arms, abdomen, bust, hips, legs or any part of the body. THIN-O-CREME, a product of modern science, a creme-like white preparation that is simply rubbed into any fat part you wish reduced. Soon as applied its magic-like reducing action begins and excess fat gradually disappears. THIN-O-CREME sinks deep into the skin and acts as an agent in the removal of fatty matter without any inconvenience.

**Limited Special Offer!** A large jar of THIN-O-CREME at specially reduced price of only \$1.95. Send no money unless you wish!

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the tides. You know them, just the same. Now and again, you feel a love just as certainly. Ann Harding's love for Harry Bannister and his for Ann is such a love—the unbreakable kind.

When they first came to Hollywood, Harry was the better known. Now it is Ann. She would like things still to be as they were then. But whoever is the more famous, fame will never wreck the romance of Ann and Harry. They mean too much to one another, and little Jane Bannister means too much to them.

*The Clive Brooks will never be divorced.*

Like the Harold Lloyds, they are family people. Habit will save them. Children will save them. There are people like that—born family people. And there are other people who are born individuals, never to fit into group life.

Clive Brook and his wife do fit. They positively revel in the security that each offers the other, and they recognize the bonds of their children.

Clive has a decided aversion to discussing love-lives. He doesn't understand why actors are supposed to have them and supposed to talk about them, when scientists and statesmen and day-laborers aren't. But give him a chance and he'll convince you that actors can appreciate family life more than any other class on the globe.

*Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon will never be divorced.*

There are two reasons why this happy couple will stay married—the first of which is love. The second is that they, also, are family people. They are settled down. Both have had a long and instructive course in fiery emotions and affairs, and both know how fruitless they are. More, they are two individuals who never really wanted to be individuals—and do want a home and children while they're young and have the leisure to appreciate them. They fully expect to keep their youth in the company of their youngsters.

*The Leslie Howards will never be divorced.*

They have been inseparable ever since the day they were married—back in war-time. He came back to Hollywood the second time only to get enough money together to buy a little house in the Surrey hills in England, retire from the stage and screen, and write and be with his family alone, away from the crowds. Leslie Howard believes that only through our children do we reach immortality. His two—a boy and girl—mean more to him than anything else in the world.

*The Warner Baxters will never be divorced.*

*Nor will the Jean Hersholts.*

*Nor will John and Marcelite Boles.*

Those early years when they were poor, when they had to struggle, when they learned how to appreciate each other before they ever had a chance to appreciate the world's goods, when they took care of their children, themselves—those formative years have left their mark.

*The John Barrymores will never be divorced.*

Robust John and quiet Dolores have too much in common. Neither needs Hollywood in order to exist—only the other. If John really carries out his threat of leaving the screen, Dolores will do likewise. What one feels, the other feels. What one does, the other does. Theirs has become a family life like that of the Lloyds and Brooks and Howards.

*Richard Arlen and Jobyna Ralston will never be divorced.*

They are the easiest-going people in the world. Nothing ruffles them. They are the type who, when they walk up to an altar, marry for keeps. Dick's dressing-room is positively cluttered up with pictures of Jobyna. She has renounced the screen, lest she neglect her family.

*These—like Mary and Doug—will never be divorced.*



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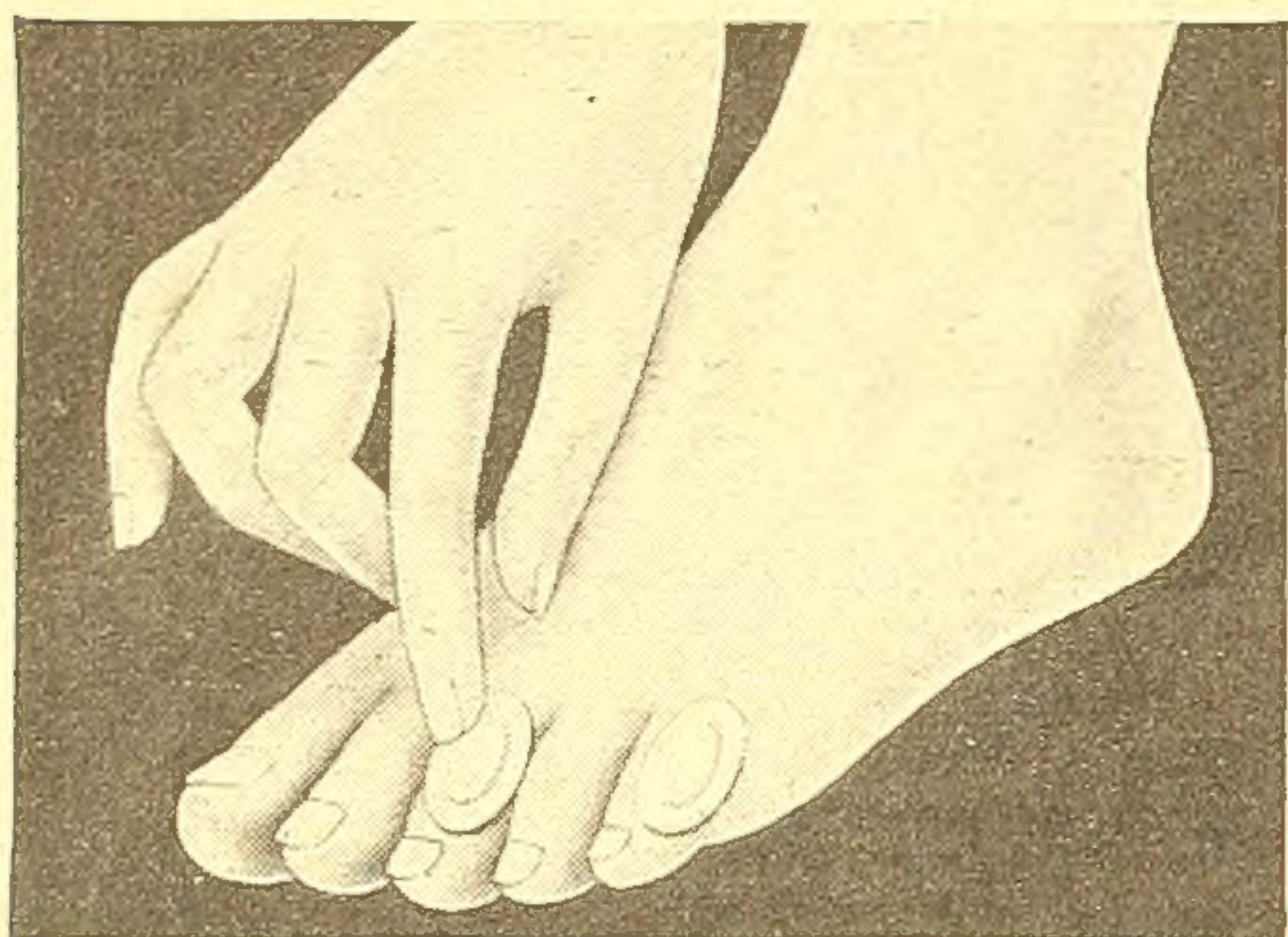
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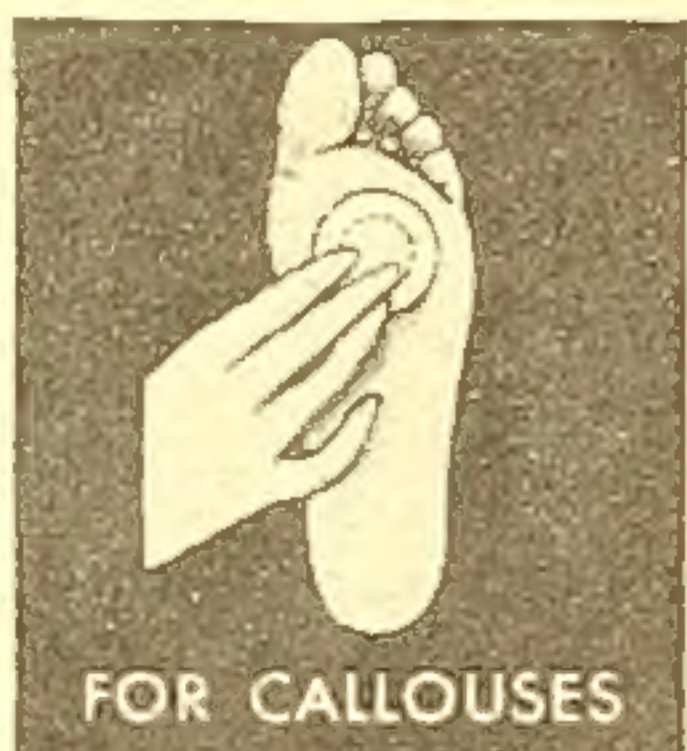


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## Tipping You Off

(Continued from page 8)

gration authorities told her that since Evelyn Rosetta was born in Germany, Evelyn Rosetta was a German—and must enter the United States under the German alien quota. But clever Vivian got herself and child a Swedish passport and didn't have to stop at Ellis Island on the way into New York. She's planning to do a stage show with sister Rosetta before returning to Hollywood. And Hollywood, somehow, can't help wondering what Nils thinks about that.

Mrs. Edith M. Shearer, mother of Norma, has one of those new Reno divorces from Andrew Shearer. The grounds were non-support.

The inside story is that Ivan Lebedeff is about to be starred. Women, it seems, have gone Lebedaffy since seeing him in his latest picture—the first, by the way, to give him the principal rôle. Did you know that for a hobby he writes fiction—usually in French? And, moreover, sells it.

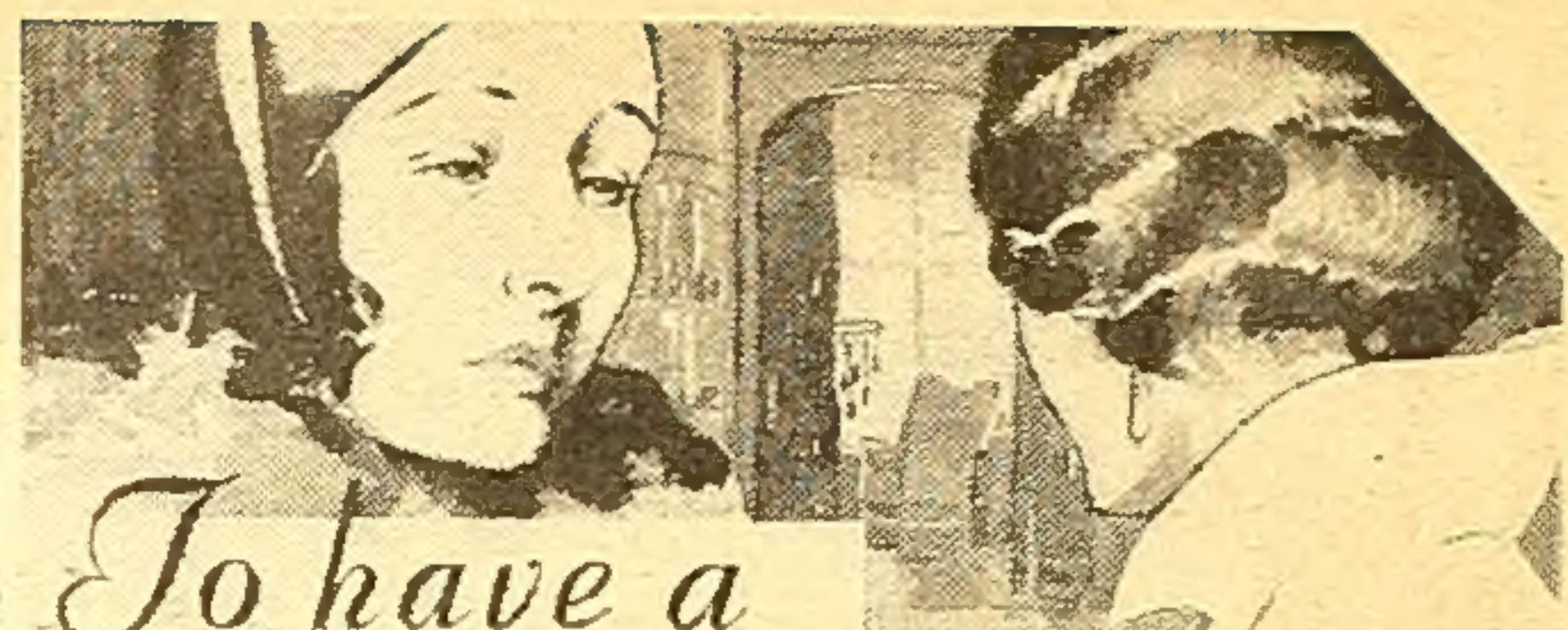
The cops have been jailing sun-bathers on roofs in downtown Los Angeles, but nobody has molested the sun-absorbers of Malibu and Santa Monica. And they started it all!

When Joan Bennett fractured her hip, her sister Barbara (Mrs. Morton Downey) and her mother (now Mrs. Eric Seabrooke Pinker) flew West to be with her. And sister Connie went to Paris.



June MacCloy, the blonde beauty who use to charm Broadwayites with her cute throaty voice before she went to Hollywood, is now playing in a series of short reels called "The Gay Girl Comedies"

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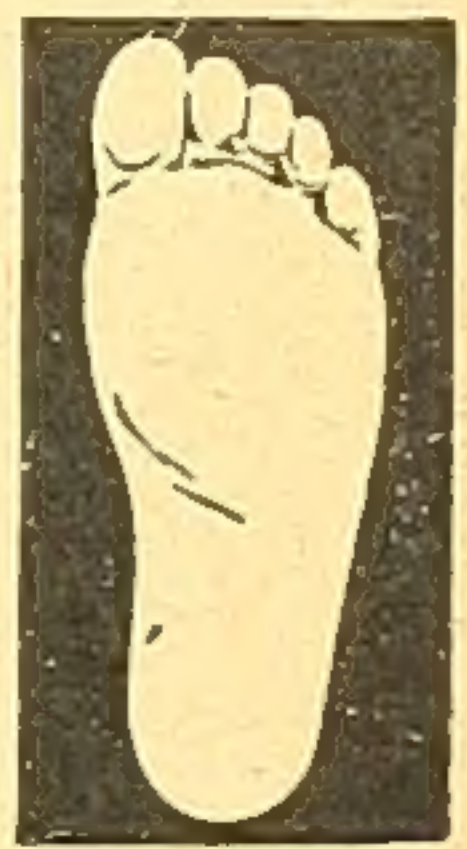
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## Burning Feet

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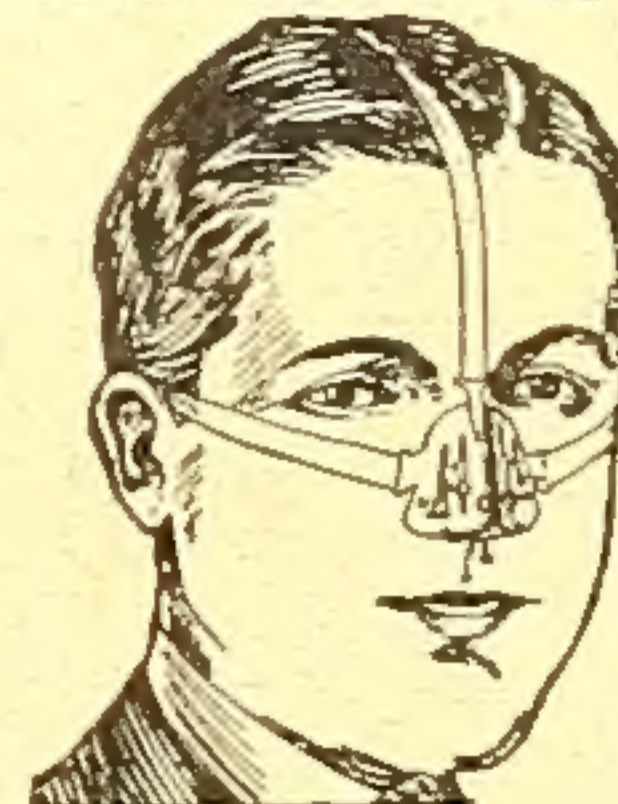
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of beautiful  
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